

The Freeman

VOL. V. No. 124.

NEW YORK, 26 JULY, 1922

15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 457

TOPICS OF THE TIME

An Adventure in Abnormalcy, 460
The Ties That Bind, 461
"The Subject to Reason About," 462

Something Is Passing, by Charles Harris Whitaker, 463

The Russian Church, by Geroid Tanquary Robinson, 464

The Origin of the State: II, by Robert H. Lowie, 465

The Autobiography of S. A. Tolstoy, by Sophie Andreievna Tolstoy, 467

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

New Ideals in German Education, by Albin Anders, 468

MISCELLANY, 470

THE THEATRE

The Art of Adolphe Appia, by Barrett H. Clark, 471

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A Timely Suggestion, by Conscientious Objector, 472;
Other Times, Other Manners, by George H. Bishop, 473;
Let Time Tell, by M. J. Costello, 473; The Co-operative Movement, by Agnes D. Warbasse, 473

BOOKS

Saint Jane Frances de Chantal, by Maurice Francis Egan, 474
Some Aspects of the Race-Question, by Martha Gruening, 475
The Religion of a Man of Letters, by Temple Scott, 476
The Law by Which We Live, by Max Radin, 477
Shorter Notices, 478

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK, 478

CURRENT COMMENT.

WHEN President Harding, the other day, gathered about him all his cohorts from the various spending-departments of the Government, to consider ways and means, it appeared that they were faced with the prospect of a tidy deficit of some \$700 million during the current fiscal year. In the year just ended, the Government managed to make both ends meet, in spite of an expenditure of nearly four billion dollars, by selling off huge quantities of the war-materials that Mr. Wilson's ardent purchasers had provided in such superabundance. The Harding Administration can not, however, continue indefinitely to lift itself out of the results of its extravagance by Mr. Wilson's bootstraps, so this year's prospective deficit is a tough problem, more especially since the departmental playboys are planning to lay out about the same amount as last year. Under the circumstances Mr. Harding mildly urged them to proceed cautiously, but it is not recorded that either he or his new budget-director made any concrete suggestions for saving the taxpayers' money.

On the other hand, we recently noted that Mr. J. Mayhew Wainwright, Mr. Harding's acting Secretary of War, made a speech in Virginia in which, with passionate enthusiasm, he urged a material increase in the army and navy. We gathered from Mr. Wainwright's outburst that the country was in a parlous way, but from the newspaper-version of his speech we could not quite make out whether the proposed increase of armament was to protect us against foreign invaders or domestic pacifists. In either case the taxpayers pay. If Mr. Harding is really interested in frugality he might profitably begin by curbing the propaganda of extravagance carried on by expensive subordinates of this type. If they are permitted to carry on in this way for an indefinite period, there is likely to be a serious epidemic of melancholia among taxpayers. The quarterly exactions of the income-tax keep them low enough in their minds as it is. As things stand, four billion dollars a year is a generous sum to pay for the weird blessings of political government. Back in the old days one could secure even more diverting entertainment in a dime museum for the modest entrance-fee.

We are occasionally impelled to wonder whether under our peculiar institutions it is more humiliating to be a legislator or a judge. The balance seems about even, although the law-maker has the advantage of a shorter

term, with the chance that a political overturn may retire him, after a few months of servitude, to the decorum of private life. On the other hand the hapless interpreter of the law is in many cases condemned to a life sentence on the bench with more than an even chance of longevity, for neither in proverb nor in practice is it shown that judges die young. These melancholy reflections are inspired by two recent decisions of the higher courts in New York State. One of these decisions affirmed the conviction of two men sentenced to serve from five to ten years each under the vague statute which makes any citizen who entertains independent views on political government liable to incarceration. The other, upholding a law fathered by the notorious Senator Lusk, ordered the closing of the Rand School of Social Science on the ground that it taught "doctrines inimical to our form of government." Thus the court confirms the setting up of politicians as the censors of education and places the teacher at the mercy of the most ignorant and corrupt class in our society.

If it were not for the principle involved, the solemn judicial ukase against the Rand School would be merely amusing. The school is conducted by those mild political reformers, our right-wing socialists. The court that visited the black doom of annihilation upon it as a dangerous menace to the United States Government, may be extremely learned in the law but its sense of humour would seem to be seriously impaired. The affirmation of the conviction of Messrs. Larkin and Gitlow is perhaps less astonishing, though there was always the forlorn hope that the Court of Appeals might have enough plain horse-sense to set them free and drop the whole pernicious criminal anarchy law into the ash-can. The episode is all the more humiliating in that one of the two defendants is a man held in high regard throughout a large section of European society. James Larkin has won a position of distinction in his own country which might be compared with that occupied here under our different standards by Judge Gary or Mr. J. P. Morgan. Of Mr. Gitlow we know little save that he is said to be a man of rare gentleness and integrity, in spite of the fact that he once served a term in the New York State Legislature. It is not asserted that either of these men or any of the lecturers of the Rand School has attempted or even advocated a violent overthrow of our Government. In their writings, however, Messrs. Larkin and Gitlow did take the view that our institutions could be greatly improved by fundamental changes, and they expressed scepticism regarding the efficacy of programmes which were merely political.

Mr. JEWELL, who is floor-managing the railway-strike in behalf of the shopmen, says that he expects to win, and in a statement made 14 July, sets forth several reasons for thinking that the times are with him. Most of these seem sound. From the standpoint of industry and commerce, especially in view of the transportation of coal, it is a mean time for a strike. For our part, out of a sheer sense of fair play, we hope that Mr. Jewell will win. It seems to us a criminal outrage and flagrant indecency that the decisions of the Railway Labour Board should be made sauce for the goose by all this spectacular threat of ugly violence from the War Department, and not be made sauce for the gander. Mr. Jewell lays it down, and we have never seen it controverted, that about ninety out of a

hundred of the Board's decisions were quietly set at naught by the railway-operators. We utterly loathe and abhor the post-war attitude of the Government towards labour. Nevertheless, while hoping that Mr. Jewell will win, we remind him once more that if he wins hands down, he will win nothing. We say and say again that whoever wins, labour will suffer, capital will suffer, but *monopoly* will not suffer at all. It will simply, as always, reimburse itself when the trouble is over, at the expense of both labour and capital. If Mr. Jewell doubts it, let him put one of his own statisticians on the problem, if he has one who knows the difference between capital and monopoly, and get a report on the subject about six months hence.

THE first editorial that this paper ever printed was in criticism of the Esch-Cummins law, characterizing it as a peculiarly flagrant instrument of grab for the railway-operators. Time has shown, we think, that our estimate of it was correct, and that it were better for American industry that it had never been born. As a preventive of industrial disturbance, the present delectable situation would seem to show the believers in bureaucracy that it is no great shakes. As a defence for the interests of labour, it is a transparent fraud. One thing, and one only, does it seem good for; and that is the thing which in our first issue we said it would be good for. It has legalized and maintained extensive operations in thievery and pilferage, and done it exceedingly well. Since it has done this so well, and has done nothing else of all it was advertised to do, the inference seems possible, even reasonable, that it was designed to do just what it has done.

THIS paper is very much pleased to observe that the adequacy of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a national hymn, has come under considerable public discussion, and that comment upon it has been largely unfavourable. We remark, however, that such objections as we have read are not based on the soundest premises. The real objection to "The Star-Spangled Banner" is that its music is poor as Job's turkey, and its poetry is sheer abominable doggerel; and the use of such music and poetry in a national hymn is a serious reflection upon the culture and the æsthetic sensibilities of the nation that uses them.

We are all for the current proposals that poets and composers shall try their hands at getting up a new national hymn; yet we think that the country ought to go very cautiously about its choice—if, indeed, the matter ever comes to an actual choice—and as far as possible to guard against the influence of mere novelty. After all, the important thing, if "The Star-Spangled Banner" be discarded, which God grant! is not to get a new hymn, but to get a good one, to get the best possible. It may be that a new one will turn out to be better than any already available, and therefore the contemporary poet and composer should have every possible encouragement. On the other hand, the assortment already at hand should be canvassed carefully. The Russians lost money right and left when they sacrificed the magnificent music of Lvov—next to Haydn's Austrian hymn, the finest in the world—for the dubious novelty that they are using at present. We venture to suggest the extreme eligibility of the well-known hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," set to Sir Arthur Sullivan's arrangement of the old tune, "St. Anne's." We wish that our musicians, *littérateurs* and critics would examine this suggestion and let us know what they think of it.

WHILE on this subject, we are led to remark upon what seems to us a great disservice done to music by the kindly and well-intentioned effort of musical journals to push American artists because they are American. This effort probably represents a natural reaction against the equally vicious discrimination against American artists, which undoubtedly prevailed in many influential quarters, and perhaps still prevails. Perhaps, too, it is reinforced by the competition of foreign artists, which is now, and for

some time likely to be, uncommonly strong. The temptation to take a nationalist view, under the circumstances, is no doubt great; and yet we wish that our contemporaries might find grace to resist it, and that our leading practitioners, patrons and critics of the art, would speak out roundly on the subject. Nothing would give the nation a better prestige than for all these to do so; nothing would go further to atone for our incredible pettiness in so long discouraging the public performance of music made by Germans, because it was made by Germans.

For Mayor Hylan and Mr. Berolzheimer, in their magnificent project of a great municipal art-centre as a peace-memorial; for the city of Memphis, with its new municipal department of music, the first in the country; for the Juilliard Foundation and similar enterprises; for all these there is a wonderful opportunity to shape the true greatness of America by steadily disregarding the pernicious solicitations of nationalism in art. French painting, German music, English poetry, American drama—what better sanction could Mayor Hylan find for a peace-memorial than that this country can proudly afford to declare that these distinctions are in themselves simply nothing; that the only distinction recognized here is that of *good* painting, music, poetry, drama, by whomsoever done? Mayor Hylan could go far towards putting his cosmopolitan city in the way of a second Pentecost, under which we should speak the universal tongue of true culture; so that all other peoples should look at us in amazement from the depths of their nationalism, and say, Behold, are not all these which speak Americans? and how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia . . . strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

M. POINCARÉ has let it be known, if the press-reports are to be trusted, that he will consider letting Germany off a little on her indemnity-payments if Great Britain (and, we presume, a fortiori, the United States) will let France off a little on her debts. Thus are the brethren brought nearer and nearer the inevitable horror of repudiation. For three years the Allied Governments have been in the position of the poor fellow in Poe's story, "The Pit and the Pendulum." There is simply nothing for it but repudiation, and there never will be; but not a single man-jack in international politics has had the gumption and honesty to say so. Instead, they have talked about "refunding," and all that sort of tosh, just as long as they could possibly find anybody to take stock in it. Now, however, the newspapers and their correspondents are talking quite frankly about repudiation—almost as frankly as this paper talked about it two years ago, when frankness on the subject would have counted for something.

OUR position in the matter is well-known to our readers. Since the whole silly mass of irredeemable obligations, external and internal, was not swept into the stove three years ago, as it should have been, we prefer to see matters going from bad to worse, until all the nationalist political organizations come into utter contempt, and the international economic organizations go to work at full blast over their heads. In encouraging this activity of the international economic organizations, the Russian Government is a jump or two ahead of the so-called capitalist Governments which do not encourage it. Foreign trade remains, nominally, a monopoly of the Soviet Government; but the co-operative associations of Russia are free to carry it on as they like. This is a far-sighted provision, and is apparently part of the general scheme to reduce continuously the scope and functions of the political organization until finally it shall disappear entirely; and the economic organization shall stand alone.

It is by such methods and processes, probably, that the next great structural change in organized society will be

brought about. The political organization has everywhere lost power and prestige; it is quite generally become the object of distrust and contempt. Along with this has gone the tendency towards a progressive and rapid development of economic organization; and the Russian revolution, as we have often remarked, has given a great impetus to this tendency. It is through this development, rather than through the violence of political upheaval, that we look for the shelving and supersession of the political organization. The rapid and strangely little noticed progress of co-operative production and exchange, will inevitably bring in sight the advantages of free production and free exchange and of free competition in both; and when once these advantages are clearly recognized, the steps to be taken towards their acquisition will be few and orderly.

It is an instinctive dread of this outcome that really animates the opposition to the Soviet Government. The Soviet's repudiation of the Tsarist debts does not much matter. We recently devoted an editorial to showing how common a phenomenon repudiation has been among what, in our modesty, we agree to call "civilized" nations! No, all that is what commercial salesmen call a "talking-point," and a ludicrously poor one at that, as M. Chicherin showed at Genoa. What the Allied Governments really fear is the evil example of a Government which will enhance the power of the economic organization by increasing freedom of production and exchange. If, as seems possible, Russia liberates production through the confiscation of economic rent—her new system of taxing agricultural production clearly adumbrates that principle—and liberates exchanges by an appropriate exercise of the monopoly of foreign trade, she will set up a working example of a system against which all the other nations of the world, acting in concert, would find it vain to contend. This may happen; but whether it happens in Russia or not, it will happen somewhere, because economic conditions are dealt down to the point where it must happen.

At this writing it looks as if the dismal political show at the Hague had about played itself out. This is hardly surprising. The cast was made up almost wholly of mediocre, road-company talent, the plot was woefully lacking in tangibility, and no one pretended that the management was straight. Even the actors have been sceptical about the production from the beginning, and Mr. Lloyd George, who arranged it and predicted a triumphant success, seemed to lose all interest in it before the first curtain went up. The public has never betrayed even the mildest curiosity about the spectacle, and apparently only a decent regard for convention has led the press to keep a few correspondents hanging about the neighbourhood where the minor diplomats, zealously guarded from public view by a section of the Dutch army, have been listlessly whispering.

THE attitude of the Russian delegation is frankly cynical. The Russian Government's foreign policy is now based primarily on the securing of credits to aid in the restoration of the country as a going concern. The Hague conference has never afforded a prospect of credits sufficient to bait a mouse-trap, as Mr. Litvinov and his colleagues well knew. On the other hand, the Russians were even more unresponsive than usual when the Allied diplomats pressed them to acknowledge the Tsar's debts and to agree to the restoration of nationalized property to the former absentee owners. The reasons for their quickened evasiveness are not far to seek. First, the peasants are reporting unexpectedly good crops, which fact gives the Russians an improved standing as prospective customers. Second, the new Commissar of Railways has managed to effect a material improvement in the transportation-situation. Third, the situation in Germany is such as to make it desirable for the Allied diplomats not to press the present rulers of Russia too harshly. Fourth, the Russians realize fully that their liabilities, that is, the Tsarist

debt and the confiscated lands and factories, are tremendous assets when it comes to bargaining.

THESE assets make a formidable background for the brusqueness and inurbanity of M. Litvinov, who has succeeded the more amiable M. Chicherin as chief Russian negotiator. When the diplomats asked for a general restitution of foreign-owned property, M. Litvinov handed them a slender list of "concessions" contingent upon a loan. When they asked for a formal acknowledgment of the Russian debt, M. Litvinov intimated that they might have it as a bonus for a loan. He even had the effrontery to add that there were many respectable Governments in Europe which recognized debts and interest without paying either, but Russia saw no advantage in copying their example. The Hague conference, in short, has resulted merely in an interchange of acerbities. When the boys get together again it might be advisable for the Allied representatives to concede that there has been a revolution in Russia and for M. Litvinov or his successor to acknowledge that there has been no revolution in the rest of the world. At least that should furnish a neutral ground for conversation.

To a person wishing to make a dispassionate estimate of the intellectual and moral resources of a metropolitan newspaper, we should recommend as the best preparation for this task, the perusal of Rabelais's chapter which shows how Shrovetide was anatomized and described by Xenomanes. One of our contemporaries intimates that the inflation of German currency has little real relation to the national wealth. "Bank notes are, after all, only a convenient instrument for the exchange of goods. The goods are the real thing." Really! How about gold, then, and how about other evidences of credit, and what bearing does this discovery have upon that phenomenon in which some of our liberal brethren take interest, the "control of credit?" Our contemporary says further, "It is the products of the fields, the mines, the workshops, which tell the true story of wealth in Germany, as everywhere." All this is sound and tight as a white-oak knot. The point is, however, that our contemporary adduces these hundred-proof economic doctrines in support of the thesis that Germany is not as poor as we think she is; and that it would have no hesitation whatever in going back on every one of them in the very next issue, if any similar special interest made it convenient to do so.

PESSIMISTS who maintain that the great war was fought in vain are continually finding new arguments to prove their distressing contention. We note some curious evidence for their case in the advertisements of German products in recent issues of the newspaper *Swarajya* of Madras, India. "For men in business; Bobson German pocket dictionary," reads one bold display. Another double-column bulletin is confined wholly to a list of "new German diamond and gold jewellery" displayed by a native firm, including such articles as nose-screws, *kammals*, *basaris*, and "nose-hangers for females." The Germanness of the product is obviously emphasized as a guarantee of both cheapness and quality. It may be that if one is able to provide a people's nose-hangers the question of who furnishes its Government is a minor matter. It was an easier task to stop the Germans at the Marne than over the trading-counter.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Geroid Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by the Freeman Corporation, B. W. Huebsch, Gen'l Mgr., 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurlle, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 11. Copyright, 1922 by The Freeman Corporation, 26 July, 1922. Vol. V. No. 124. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

AN ADVENTURE IN ABNORMALCY.

It has occasionally been intimated by nervous patriots that bolshevism was invented in the crowded regions of New York City's East Side, and that the notorious Mr. Trotzky was sent over to Russia by a group of wicked metropolitan aliens, to chuck the landlords after the Tsar and thus effectively destroy civilization in that country. We have never found this theory convincing. None the less there is ground for assuming that bolshevism, in the sense in which the term would be used by an officer of the National Security League, was flourishing on the soil of New York State several decades before Lenin and Trotzky were born. In fact, bolshevism made a successful *coup* in the Empire State. Public opinion openly sympathized with it in a most outrageous manner. No less a person than William H. Seward, as Governor of the State, condoned its objects, though he deprecated its methods. A State legislature in which Silas Wright and Samuel J. Tilden were leaders, changed basic laws to meet the desires of the bolsheviks. Whether this successful outburst in New York stimulated and encouraged and set a pattern for the Russian revolutionary leaders, we would not venture to say; but the details of the episode are worth reviewing at this time.

It seems that between 1630 and 1637, one Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, a merchant of Amsterdam, Holland, purchased from the Indians extensive tracts of land along the Hudson River in the neighbourhood of Albany. In this fashion he became the proprietor of upwards of 1000 square miles of territory. How many strings of beads or bottles of rum he paid out for his acquisition is not within our information. His feudal tenure was confirmed by patents issued by the Dutch administration, and later, after the British had overthrown the established colonial Government by force and violence, the title was confirmed under the new dispensation. In 1785 young Stephen Van Rensselaer succeeded to this inheritance. There were some settlers on the tract when he came into possession, and he zealously increased their number until in a few years some 3000 farmers were tilling the soil and rendering tribute to him. In return for an annual payment in product, these farmers had a sort of freehold. For a farm of 160 acres the yearly rent consisted of about twenty bushels of wheat, four fowls and a day's labour of a man and team, or its equivalent. The original landlord, however, reserved mineral rights, timber-rights, mill-rights and water-rights on the land. He could seize the farmer's personal property for arrears in rent. He retained the right of quarter sale, under which any occupant of a tract who wished to sell his freehold must turn over a fourth of the sale-price to the feudal overlord.

The farmers regarded these reservations with increasing disfavour. They pointed out that it was an annoyance not to be able to cut firewood or water one's horse at the brook on one's own farm without running the risk of being arrested for trespass. They objected that none of them could start a quarry without possible loss of his entire holding. They strenuously resented such inconveniences as having half their acreage flooded, without redress, in the process of damming water for the overlord's mill. Such things, they declared, were incompatible with the rights of freemen under free institutions. As the years went on, this sort of bolshevik propaganda spread considerably among the settlers and an increasing number of them

seemed unable or unwilling to pay the annual tribute. Stephen, however, was not a harsh landlord. He made no very vigorous attempt to collect, but merely carried the delinquents on the books. When he died in 1839, it was said that the unpaid rents amounted to the equivalent of \$400,000.

Then a new regime set in. The laggard farmers were notified to pay up or get out. The result was a general stoppage of rents throughout the whole settlement and defiance from the settlers, who dared the landlord to come and put them out. A proclamation of the misguided agriculturists contained the absurd claim that "the land belongs to the people, and every man is entitled to his share free of cost." Surely Lenin himself could not beat such a piece of impudence.

Even in those days, however, this country enjoyed the blessings of a Government. To this instrument the landlord naturally resorted and a sheriff rode out one day from Albany into the country-side with a choice assortment of writs, to bring some of the recalcitrant renters within the clutches of the law. Some one took away the sheriff's horse, and he walked back home with his writs in his pocket. A second process-server ventured forth, only to fare worse. In a little settlement in the midst of the feudal domain he was set upon by a mob that forced him to burn his writs in the public square, and then ironically treated him to an impromptu hair-cut. Finally the zealous sheriff raised a posse of 500 men and set forth again, but out in the country 2000 armed tenants blocked their way. No one would give the officers food or shelter, and they accomplished nothing. It was not until the Governor called out the militia and the State guardsmen raided the disturbed district and over-awed it with their cannon that any writs were served, and even then they did not seem particularly effective.

Meanwhile the bolshevik agitation spread like wildfire through the rural districts. Tenants on other large manors throughout the State united to resist the landlords. In over fifteen counties the job of land agent became fruitless and precarious. The anti-renters started a newspaper and held a State convention at which speeches were made that would be calculated to give our present rulers nervous prostration. The sheriff of Columbia County was shot and severely wounded while attempting to serve a writ. In the process of arranging a distress-sale the sheriff of Delaware County was shot dead. Several sheriffs and land agents were treated to tar and feathers. For six years, law'n order was in a parlous way throughout rural New York, and most of the inhabitants appeared to enjoy it.

In 1844 the anti-renters captured the political machinery in four counties. In the following year they controlled eleven counties. A year later they elected their candidate for governor. A hastily called constitutional convention revised the fundamental law of the State, abolishing feudal tenures, doing away with quarter sales and limiting the period of leases of agricultural land to twelve years. The legislature similarly abolished the distress-sales. Rebellious tenants who had been arrested were set at liberty. In fact the political power abjectly surrendered to bolshevism as expressed in terms of direct action.

Back in the beginning of the rumpus, Governor Seward had tried to effect a compromise. The landlord offered terms, but the tenants made counter proposals on an entirely different basis. They refused to permit the landlord to retain his exemptions on their holdings or to capitalize the value of their improvements in increased valuation. They insisted on full title at a merely nominal price. The landlord dismissed their

proposals with scorn, but five years later he agreed to virtually all of them. In the end the bolsheviki won all along the line. We suspect there were not a few of them who never paid a cent for their land, but for all practical purposes held it as something to which they were by nature entitled, all landlords to the contrary notwithstanding. The episode is the more distressing in that it involved a successful attack on the inviolability of landed property. This sort of privilege is peculiarly sacred, and when, as in this case, it is derived from inheritance, from the very hand of God, and in no respect earned by vulgar labour, it is the very ark of the Covenant, as Mr. Justice Taft would say. Moreover, the change involved time-honoured institutions, sanctified by the uses of centuries, and it is almost inconceivable that the irreverent up-State farmers regarded them with as little respect as a housewife would show for a time-honoured egg. Probably some of the founding fathers who really believed that it was the right and the duty of the people to discard any political or social impedimenta that became burdensome, would have viewed this adventure in bolshevism more sympathetically than their political successors of our day. At any rate there is in it an obvious moral for politicians and taxpayers alike. Incidentally we commend the story to Secretary Hughes, to be borne in mind the next time he feels impelled to indite another of his holier-than-thou epistles to the Russians.

THE TIES THAT BIND.

THE East has its menaces. We have said this before, and we are likely to say it again. But, we are told, our country is pacific in its intentions; besides, our Constitution makes secret diplomacy impossible; all of our international obligations must be ratified by the Senate and open to the public. This has a soothing sound, but it is unfortunately about as relevant as the flowers that bloom in the spring. There is more legitimate comfort in the thought that Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes would have little stomach for war—now. Debts, taxes, bonuses and discontents would probably give them pause. Moreover, it is a false picture which represents diplomats as deliberately sinister. It presupposes too much intelligence. Only a child in diplomacy would imagine that Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes are consciously planning trouble in the East. In fact, they have little to do with events that take place there; it is our investment-bankers, concessionaires and other privilege-hunters who are preparing the way for diplomacy and war.

Still, it is a mistake to suppose that our form of government precludes the kind of diplomacy which Earl Grey, Isvolsky, Poincaré and Sazonov have made familiar to mankind. Treaties, it is true, must be ratified by the Senate, but most of the diplomatic exchanges which led Europe into the abyss were not treaties at all. They were known as conversations, understandings, *démarches*, and *démentis*. The form of government made not the slightest difference in diplomatic methods. Republican France, parliamentary England, feudal Germany, autocratic Russia; all of these Governments followed the same secret methods and created identical situations for their respective peoples. The French soldier voted. The Russian soldier did not. They were equally ignorant of the secret negotiations which had been going on between their two Governments for more than twenty years before the war. There was a treaty of alliance between Russia and France, but it was of little consequence. The real work was done by the "conversations" of the military staffs. Italy was bound to Austria and Germany by a

solemn treaty, but broke her bonds and went in on the other side. England had merely held "conversations" with France, but when the crisis came she deemed them "obligations of honour."

The Constitution of the United States requires the public ratification of treaties, but the politicians have devised something new, known as "executive agreements," which do not have to be ratified. Then there is the perpetual exchange of secret notes with foreign Governments. Mr. Hughes does not deign to let us know even the main points in his Mexican policy. Mr. Wilson did give the Congress competent reasons for his landing troops at Vera Cruz.

The President is elected for four years. During that time he is absolute in the domain of foreign affairs. The Secretary of State is, under the law, his office boy, subject to his orders. The Secretary is busy writing notes all the time. We know from the documents published by the Soviet Government how our State Department kept the wires hot contending for American economic interests against Russia and Japan in the good old days of Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox. By note-writing situations are created. By diplomatic notes the country is led deeper and deeper into the prosecution of economic interests abroad—deeper and deeper until it is too late to withdraw. Not only are the notes written by the State Department usually secret; the replies are equally secret. Did not Mr. McKinley keep secret the reply he received from Spain on the very eve of his call upon Congress for war? Spain conceded every point which she could in honour concede. Did Mr. McKinley inform his countrymen? He did not. He put Spain's last note in his pocket and cooked up his version of the situation for his followers. If that has been done once, it can be done again. It will be done again.

In a word, the President of the United States can write notes and receive notes touching the most delicate matters, without being held responsible to anyone. In this respect he is no more hampered by "public opinion" than was the Government of the Tsar. The President can, therefore, secretly create situations of which war is the inevitable outcome. He has done this; he will do it again. The President of the United States as commander-in-chief of the army and navy can move our armed forces about the world at pleasure. Mr. Roosevelt sent the fleet around the world without troubling to get anyone's permission. The President can station our forces in places where they are certain to be attacked. President Polk sent troops into disputed territory and brought on the Mexican war, "by act of Mexico." Mr. McKinley sent the "Maine" to Cuba. It was a menace to Spain. It was so considered. He so understood the matter. All the world knows the result.

The President of the United States can create diplomatic situations which make war inevitable, without being called to account by Congress. He can move armed forces freely and throw the onus of any attack upon the enemy. He can even invade foreign territory without the consent of Congress: witness Mr. Wilson's private wars in Vera Cruz and Siberia. He can jockey Congress into a position from which war is the only escape; and when war has been declared there is from that moment not even a semblance of a Constitution. To oppose the omniscient President is a crime. To desire a reversal of his policy is treason. He can create a committee on public information to feed predigested fish-stories to a gullible populace. He can set the minions of the law on every citizen whose zeal is not hot enough. Nay, more, he can summon the mob and

turn it loose on dissenters, by making it an "auxiliary" of the secret service.

If any professor of American government or teacher of history in our schools desires to take issue with this, we trust he will not hesitate to stand forth and speak his mind. If in the matter of getting into war, into mental servitude during war, and into the blessed state of peace after war, the American people have any voice we should be glad to know about it. We earnestly desire to learn from our sapient teachers and editors just how democracy has any voice in creating and dealing with "the menaces of the East."

"THE SUBJECT TO REASON ABOUT."

No one will be surprised to learn that the American Debt Funding Commission is prepared to postpone for a number of years the interest-payments of the foreign nations who now stand debtors to our Government, with the possible exception of Great Britain. The hopeless financial tangle in which these nations are caught not only makes it impossible to pay the interest falling due in October, but points directly to repudiation in one form or another. The general situation is well understood by this time; though it may not be realized that the French public debt, for example, has doubled since the armistice, and that the deficit now stands at \$1800 million. Italy, in a like fix, has just announced a budget-deficit of six billion lire, while her public debt runs up to 110 billion lire. In view of these stubborn facts, the Commission will restrict its efforts to discussing the possibility of future payments, and agreeing upon what might be called a policy of inaction. Out of regard for the feelings of our late Allies, and because of certain practical difficulties, the State Department will not insist on taking over the customs-receipts of the defaulting nations, nor will the marine corps be called upon to exert its powers of persuasion in the Mediterranean, as it has done so effectively in the Caribbean.

It is reported from Paris that the French mission will hold out the hope of a beginning of interest-payments two years hence, "providing political developments at the Hague and elsewhere in Europe tend to assure such a continuance of peace as will warrant the reduction of military expenditures"; and we are told that this is regarded in Washington as one of the most encouraging developments in the foreign debt situation. We infer from this that optimism is cheap in Washington, and the Treasury Department confirms the impression by its naïve assurance that the United States will lose nothing by waiting, since the unpaid interest will be added to the principal.

In spite of the number of ciphers involved in the reckoning, it all comes down to a simple sum in arithmetic. Instead of taking three as the subject to reason about, as in the famous problem in the "Hunting of the Snark," we must start with \$11 billion, an almost equally convenient number to state, and having divided by one hundred, multiply by whatever seems the most likely interest-percentage. Then we have only to multiply the result by three to discover the amount to be added to the principal in October when the three years of defaulted payments is ended. If a moratorium is arranged for another term of years, the plight of the debtors will be so hopeless that mere cancellation of indebtedness will seem like grudging charity. The situation may be slightly modified if Great Britain pays something to the account of interest on the trifle of \$4686 million that falls to her share; but nothing definite has been heard from that

quarter lately, if we except the reply of Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to questions in the House of Commons. "One keeps steadily in mind," he said, "that the American tariff makes it more difficult to pay our debts to America. That is perfectly plain, and is not a consideration we should forget in dealing with the United States."

We are glad to see the discussion taking this turn, for if there is a possible means of escape from the entanglements entered into so light-heartedly, it must involve a change in the policy of nations regarding international trade. In spite of the advantages enjoyed by the creditor, all the nations immediately concerned in the settlement of the debt are more or less in the same boat. For not only would payment of the debts play ducks and drakes with legitimate trade, but since the goods exported from Europe for this purpose would call for no return cargoes, our late Allies would occupy a position not unlike that of Germany. With no returns to balance exports, they would enjoy all the blessings of "a favourable balance of trade," while the United States would find its customers ruined and its markets gone, if it were not actually called upon to increase its contributions to the funds for the starving and the destitute.

Our Government is not, therefore, in a position to press for the liquidation of these ill-considered debts. But it would, if it were wise, endeavour to obtain something tangible in return for its renunciation. We may be told that since nobody expects the debts to be honoured, there is no compelling reason for offering anything in exchange for a moratorium extending to the Greek kalends. This might with good reason be the general feeling, if it were not possible to seek an adjustment with advantages all around.

The burden of settlement will not be removed by cancellation of foreign debts, for the load thus lifted from the shoulders of the foreign taxpayers will still be firmly saddled on the American taxpayers who have to redeem the various Liberty Loans through which the money for the fireworks was raised. Their plight is hard, but for their consolation it may be said that with the Congress what it is, one may be tolerably certain that even if payments on account of foreign debts were made, these amounts would be squandered on subsidies, or bonuses, or equally wasteful forms of privilege, instead of being applied to the relief of the taxpayers. It may be salutary for our war-making citizenry to suffer for their folly; still, we do not see why the Government should add to their difficulties by clinging to a policy of economic isolation. The workers who are called upon to pay the debts of the world ought not to be prevented from buying in the cheapest markets and selling in the dearest. In other words, the tariff-war now being waged with increasing bitterness among the nations that so lately swore eternal friendship, ought to be brought to an end by a new armistice establishing a free-trade union. It is time that the highly moral Powers who were ready to sacrifice the last man and more than the last penny for one another on the field of battle, made up their minds to sacrifice a handful of privileged exploiters in the cause of peace.

Such a removal of economic barriers would greatly increase and facilitate the exchange of goods, and at the same time it would reduce the cost of living. A general alliance that held no threats and promised equality of opportunity would afford the best foundation for a successful League of Nations. Exclusiveness and hostility would give way to a spirit of inclusive-

ness and conciliation, for every country that joined would better the chances of all the rest by offering new markets for their goods. Causes of friction would still remain in the race for monopoly of the natural resources of weak nations, and the privilege of exploiting their peoples, but freedom to trade is the logical first step towards the still more basic freedom to produce.

In spite of the enthusiasm with which the Government of Mr. Lloyd George is playing the protectionist game, we doubt that an advance on the part of Mr. Harding's celebrated business Administration along the lines we have roughly indicated would be repulsed. All that is needed is that modicum of statesmanship which is so conspicuously wanting in the Governments of the nations now suffering from over-indulgence in the fruits of victory.

SOMETHING IS PASSING.

The Village.

THINKING back upon the grey, drizzling skies, the straggling streets, the monotonous rows of houses, the bedraggled shops, the blowsy pubs, the dirty dresses of the gaunt women, the staring children, one seems to seek in vain for anything which would distinguish this particular village from any of the thousand others of its kind. The buildings are of stone, as are those of all the surrounding towns. If their fronts are severe with the hardness of a series of rectangles, they yet present an appearance somewhat more honest and even more dignified than the dirty red gauntlets of brick, villa style, with which the Black Country is strewn.

There is nothing distinctive even in the fact that little groups of men are standing in doorways up and down the street. Such groups are standing in every British town, by the beneficent grace of a governmental dole, the only relief politicians can devise for an industry that is being strangled by conditions which they neither understand nor wish to face. The men do not appear to be either complaining or rebellious. A mild air of resignation seems to be their answer to the Government which has taken entire charge of their destinies during these last eight years. The rather luxurious motor in which we have come does not seem to excite either envy or resentment. It is rather with indifference slightly tinged with curiosity that they turn their heads in our direction.

They all wear caps. Not a hat is to be seen, nor yet a collar. Around their necks are wound heavy scarfs, the ends disappearing beneath their coats. All have their hands in their pockets. When they move about it is not with alert steps, but with a dull, swaying shuffle.

Wherever there is a vista one catches a glimpse of huge mounds of refuse from the adjacent mines—grim symbols of what was and is and is to be. But symbolism no longer has a message. We live in a world where everything has to be dramatized, and for these groups of men, these slinking figures of women, these blank-eyed urchins, there is no one to write the drama of the long procession, begun by freemen centuries ago amid woodland and quarry and pasture. With craft they built well. With husbandry they garnered richly in the satisfactions of life. Where the long procession now halts, in the streets of this sombre town, there is no looking forward or backward. The past is forgotten; the future is bounded by the end of the day.

The Palace.

The village has almost sprawled into a town and has grown up to the very wall that guards the palace grounds. The gate through which one enters now stands in a street which, on the side towards the village, is lined with houses. One is struck at once with the quality of the masonry in the palace wall—such fitting of stone to stone, such mouldings, such proportion of base and coping!

The façade of the old palace is simple, and devoid of all pretentiousness. Time and weather have given it a colour and texture which are the despair of every architect. The walls are ponderous in their solidity. Everywhere one is conscious of the handiwork of master builders. Workmanship, not price, was here the test of merit. Out of the land-rents, gathered yearly from thousands upon thousands of acres, the old palace grew, the gardens were kept, the park flourished, and the ducal family held its ancient state. To meet the growing-pains of the palace, ever a greedy devourer of money for pleasure and for "ornament" (which steadily declined from

the art of painter and sculptor to the commerce of dealer and decorator), rents were raised as leases fell in. The pinch and the squeeze were gradual, and the effect, measured in terms of a steady decline in the standard of living of those who paid for it, was slow in being realized. The final result was foreseen by an intelligent few; but then came the industrial epoch, and for nearly a century men believed that one tiny group of islands could become and for ever remain the workshop of the world.

From tilling the surface of the land, men turned to its mineral stores. To the vast income from rent there was now added the enormous contribution levied under the name of mineral royalties. Those who owned the surface claimed what lay beneath it. Out of this vast added increment a new palace began to grow around the old, a monstrous neo-classic structure, insolent in its pretentious ugliness, insatiable in its capacity for swallowing rent. Huge monoliths, costly marbles, gaudy frescoes, endless carving and panelling, all combined to mock the beauty that men once knew how to put into a building.

To-day the palace is being taken down. Royalties sucked from the ground have drawn the galleries ever closer and closer. The sound of the mining-machines can be heard as they bore underneath the stone floors of the ancient fabric. Presently there will remain but a mass of ruins. About the park there are already great subsidences to be seen. The water stands in fields now sunken perilously near the level of the river. It is the end of a vulgar squandering. The tens of thousands of acres are for sale. The ghostly echo in the vast, doomed hall, paved with a collection of choice marbles rifled from various parts of the world; the empty vaults in the crypt; the sinister cracks in the vaulting; all are eloquent of impending doom. The bones of the old dukes have been taken from the ducal mausoleum and thrown into a near-by cemetery. "'Twas dreadful," said the keeper. "They was drowned same time as they was buried. Men had to pump out the graves as they lowered the boxes in. Aye, 'twas a shameful end. I don't know what we're comin' to. Everything seems to be a-goin'!"

The City.

If one chances to be dining in a certain club, in the long spring twilight, with the historic castle on the hill darkening into a magnificent silhouette against the east, one may well say that there is no city to compare with this; and later, wandering about the new town, laid out in the grand manner with its squares and circles and crescents, its vistas and its gardens, its harmonious sky line and its rhythmic setting of facades, one may also conclude that the art of town-planning in the grand manner was once of some use. Even though it yields no single brilliancy of effect at the expense of a jumble of architectural vanities, it does give one a sense of repose and tranquillity. Here at least one may say that rents and royalties have been spent to some advantage. There is a complete absence of individual pretence and ostentation, even though the somewhat ponderous respectability is a little depressing. But the monotony of the stone frontages is relieved by the fine balance of height and proportion, and there is solid satisfaction in the absence of that kind of rectangular plotting which is our abominable heritage from the modern engineer.

Yet here, as in village and palace, amid the tranquillity fostered by a tradition that clings with tragic tenacity, there stalks the unwelcome spectre of change. Change is in the air. One sees the haunting fear of it in faces, set though they are with the determination to resist it. For this is a city of parchment and tape. In the staid offices, the rear windows of which look out upon gardens bright with flowers, rows of dark green boxes, piled tier on tier, hold the yellow records of the long procession from freedom to bondage. Here are stored the sacred writings of conveyance and deed, of demesne and enclosure, of leasehold and feu, of glebe and advowson, of entail and reversion, of steward and reeve.

If there are no ghostly mutterings of piston and pick beneath the buildings wherein these precious documents are stored, yet the sacred records are menaced none the less. No added pinch and squeeze is now possible. The last farthing of rent is being taken. Castle and hall are being deserted, estates are falling into the market, and the owners of the ample town houses of a generation ago are begging for buyers on the highway. The fiddler is presenting his bill. The piper is calling a new tune. The farmers who bought land after the war, at prices representing the capitalized sum of their war-profits, are as bankrupt as church-mice. Those houses in the outskirts of the city, which were built with the aid of subsidies, are occupied by clerks and petty officials.

For each of these houses, the taxpayers have to contribute, on the average, some fifty pounds a year towards paying the rent which the occupants are unable to pay. Thus if the undermining of the city is not by pit and gallery, it is none the less effective. As with village and with palace, it is the beginning of the end. All the conferences of politicians in all the cities in the world, will no more bring back peace and happiness and comfort than will the next war, or the war after that, unless they deal with the question of rent!

Yet the earth still lies bounteous before us. The sun pours down its quickening rays. Rain and dew fall as they have fallen since the beginning of time, and yet man lies prostrate in a web of his own weaving, while statesmen and politicians, liberals and progressives, bosses and leaders are powerless to release him. Meanwhile the undermining goes on. Something is surely passing. What is coming? Sometimes the wind of warning leaves a dread chill on the heart. Sometimes it seems that the castle of rent is to be demolished for ever and that freemen will again go to their work with a song.

CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

THE current reports of friction between the Russian Soviet officials and certain members of the Orthodox hierarchy recall to mind the fact that the interference of the State in the affairs of the Church is no new thing in Russia. The history of opposition to official meddling is likewise a long one, and the present situation is therefore entirely lacking in novelty, unless some qualitative difference distinguishes the new methods of attack and defence, from the old. However, if substantial differences of this kind do actually exist—and I believe that they do—they must necessarily be of the greatest importance in the future development of a people who are still very much under the influence of organized Christianity.

The relation of Church and State under the old regime was officially defined in the Fundamental Laws of 1906, as follows: "The Russian Tsar, as a Christian sovereign, is supreme protector and defender of the dogmas of the Græco-Russian faith, and supervisor of Orthodoxy and of good order in general throughout the Holy Church. In this sense he is spoken of as head of the Church."

It is difficult if not impossible to explain the fact that the Russian Church failed to develop that spirit of vigorous resistance to secular control which has characterized the history of Roman Catholicism. However, the subject is as fascinating as it is complex, and hence I can not resist the temptation to point out one or two circumstances which seem to me to have prepared the Russian Church in a special way for subjection to the temporal power. It is worth noting, then, that the Imperial Roman Government survived at Constantinople, or Byzantium, for something like a thousand years after it had lost all form and substance in the West. This means that in Eastern Europe, the Roman tradition of the predominance of the State was kept vigorously alive throughout the whole mediæval period during which Roman Catholicism came to the height of its power, and down to the very opening of the Protestant Revolt. From the beginning the Russian Church was nurtured in this tradition; however independent it may have been, at times, of the lay lords within the "Russian land," its hierarchy was always subject to the Patriarch of Constantinople, who was in turn under the control of a Government that never relaxed its grip.

Again, the Russian Church was not united with the other branches of Eastern Orthodoxy in any such close-knit union as gave support to Catholicism in the various countries of the West. This isolation resulted, in part, from the adoption for ecclesiastical use of a language, called to-day Old Church Slavonic, which could

never be, as the Greek might have been, and as Latin was in the West, the vehicle for a common literature and a common culture. Thus, even before the Asiatic invaders blocked the lines of communication with Constantinople, and long before the Turks effected the capture of that city, the Russian Church had become the victim of a narrow provincialism which helped to make it amenable to local secular control.

Shortly after the adoption by the rulers of Muscovy, of the imperial eagle and the title of Cæsar or Tsar, the isolation of the Russian Church was still further increased by the erection of the metropolis into a patriarchate independent of Constantinople. In this case, independence of foreign influence meant dependence on the emperors of Russia; a condition which was formally recognized at the beginning of the eighteenth century by the abolition of the patriarchal office and the creation of a "Holy Synod" composed of the Tsar's appointees, and acting on his authority under the presidency of a layman who has sometimes been even an officer of the army.

Under this regime of spiritless officialism, which endured as long as the autocracy itself, there developed in the course of the nineteenth century two interesting types of opposition to the union of Church and State—the opposition of the Slavophiles and the opposition of the Westerners. I do not mean to imply, of course, that all the Slavophiles and all the Westerners were of one mind in this matter. Such, indeed, was far from being the case; and yet it is worth noting that in certain instances the mysticism of the one group and the materialism of the other did actually arouse a common desire for the divorcement of the temporal from the spiritual power.

According to the belief of the Slavophiles, the world was to be saved from the materialism of the West by Christian love, as expressed in the spirit of the Russian people. In two utterances of "the idiot" which appear in Dostoevsky's novel by that name, this Messianic conception is set forth with remarkable clearness and force:

"The essence of religious feeling has nothing to do with reason, or atheism, or crime, or acts of any kind—it has nothing to do with these things—and never had. There is something besides all this, something which the arguments of the atheists can never touch. But the principal thing, and the conclusion of my argument, is that this is most clearly seen in the heart of a Russian." "... let these thirsty Russians find, like Columbus's discoverers, a new world; let them find the Russian world, let them search and discover all the gold and treasure that lies hid in the bosom of their own land! Show them the restitution of lost humanity, in the future, by Russian thought alone, and by means of the God and of the Christ of our Russian faith, and you will see how mighty and just and wise and good a giant will rise up before the eyes of the astonished and frightened world; . . ."

Dostoevsky was himself the greatest of the Slavophile prophets, and the very intensity of his religious faith led him to break at one point with the majority of the group, and to advocate the disestablishment of the Russian Church in the interest of religion. He believed earnestly in the conquering self-sufficiency of the Russian faith, and for him disestablishment meant not destruction but opportunity.

The essence of Dostoevsky's thought was brought out in the course of his conflict with the materialism which invaded Russia in force in the 'sixties, under the name of nihilism. The theory of materialism was commonly associated with a practical programme of revolution, and naturally, too, with a demand for the disestablishment of the Church. When Pobyedonostsev, the official philosopher of orthodoxy and autocracy,

remarked that "where there is no religion, there can be no State," he was simply repeating with a different purpose a formula that had been published some years before by Bakunin, the philosopher of materialism and anarchism. The only question was, Would the materialists stop with disestablishment, or would they go farther and employ the temporal power for the suppression of the Church, as the autocracy had employed this power, presumably, for its support?

In other words, it remained to be seen whether the materialists had sufficient faith in the quality of their philosophy to leave it without material support, and to come to an understanding with the most thorough-going mystics, on a basis of freedom in religion. Recent developments in Russia give evidence, I think, of a rapid approach to such an understanding. Most of the men in power in the State take pride in their irreligious temper. They have carried through a complete disestablishment and a partial disendowment of the Church. Although they have permitted the restoration of the self-governing patriarchate, they are now in conflict with the Patriarch himself, not apparently on any issue of religion, but because the head of the Church has made objection to the confiscation of ecclesiastical treasure for the benefit of the famine-fund.

In some quarters, the institution of proceedings against the Patriarch is regarded as an attack upon religion, but apparently this view is not held by all the faithful in Russia. According to information supplied by Mr. Arthur Ransome, in a recent issue of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, many of the clergy believe that the loss of property, following as it does upon the separation from the temporal power, will not work injury to religion, but may actually prepare the way for a great spiritual revival. A strong party within the Church is apparently just as much opposed to the general counter-revolutionary policy of the Patriarch Tikhon as it would be to any attempt on the part of the Government to interfere with religion as such. In compliance with the demands of a deputation of priests, the Patriarch has now summoned a General Council for the reform of the Church, and has abdicated his office pending the decision of this assembly.

All this is, in my opinion, excellent news; and I say this in the belief that no earnest friend or honest enemy of religion need dissent from it. In the realm of ideas, in the realm of religion and irreligion, of mysticism and materialism, the *sumum bonum* is a fair field and no favour, with neither support nor suppression by material force. In Russia, there are apparently certain mystics who are sufficiently earnest in spirit to ask no more than this, and certain materialists who are honest enough in mind to grant no less.

GEROID TANQUARY ROBINSON.

THE ORIGIN OF THE STATE: II.

INTERESTING and important as is the origin of closed castes, it is only the consideration of territorial organization that brings us to the consideration of the problem in its most generalized form. But here we are brought face to face with one of the most inveterate dogmas of sociology and comparative law. In 1861, Sir Henry Sumner Maine drew a distinction between two kinds of ties uniting individuals for political purposes—the blood-tie and the territorial tie. This distinction itself is significant and unexceptionable; but Maine combined it with a theory concerning the chronological sequence of the two principles that is by no means equally acceptable. In early society, he contended, men acted together exclusively

on the ground of blood-kinship, and only by a catastrophic change did local contiguity come to be recognized as the basis of common political action. This view was adopted and more definitely formulated by Lewis H. Morgan in his "Ancient Society," and through this work gained extraordinary currency. According to Morgan, the principle of local contiguity superseded the division into groups of kindred as the result of deliberate legislation in ancient Attica, culminating in Cleisthenes's enactments, by which every citizen was registered, taxed and given a vote as a member not of a clan but of a township, that is, of a territorial unit.

An a priori objection to this theory straightway suggests itself. By what instrumentality did the revolution come about? Why, after millenniums of political life based on the bond of consanguinity, did the need arise for a totally different alignment of individuals? If the cataclysmic change were a recorded datum of history, we should, of course, have to accept it, however incomprehensible might be its psychological interpretation; but with our present sophistication in matters of history, we shall certainly exact the most rigorous proof before submitting to so violent a jar to our sense of continuity.

It must in fairness be admitted that men of Maine's historical acumen and Morgan's conscientiousness did not suck their conception of primeval government out of their thumbs. There is much in the social arrangements of the simpler peoples to support the view that the blood-tie is the dominant principle of organization. The error lies in overlooking the simultaneous existence of other principles.

Let us examine a case that upon first consideration seems to be an ideal exemplification of Maine's theory. In northern Luzon, Philippine Islands, Mr. R. F. Barton has studied a tribe known as the Ifugao, who are reported to be wholly devoid of the territorial bond. The population inhabiting the Ifugao area is represented as acting in complete independence of any considerations but those of kinship. It is described as split up into groups of kinsfolk standing to one another in the relationship of so many sovereign States. To his kindred the individual owes support against all other groups in proportion to the nearness of his relationship, and he is said to be free from such obligation to the rest of the community. When a dispute arises between distinct groups of kin the services of a go-between are used, but he is entirely lacking in authority; in other words, he does not function as the agent of some central Government uniting all the people of a given locality. If one were to take Mr. Barton's own statement of the situation at its face value, one would have to admit that here at least is a people whose whole political life has its basis in consanguinity alone.

However, the most competent observers of fact often fail to draw accurate conclusions from their own observations. A scrutiny of Mr. Barton's ample material shows that while the blood-bond is of predominant importance in the life of the individual Ifugao, the local tie, however subordinate, is by no means absent. There is, first of all, throughout Ifugao territory a substantial agreement concerning customary law: though there is no constabulary to aid in the execution of the go-between's verdict, the principles on which his decision is rendered, however warped in application to particular cases, are generally accepted. In short, the Ifugao definitely recognizes some obligation to members of the same community who are not of his own

kin. There is, for instance, a fundamental difference in the treatment of thieves according to their local affiliations: the marauding outsider is almost certain to be killed forthwith, while theft by a fellow-villager is penalized merely by the traditional fine. Again, collective responsibility applies not solely to the group of blood-relatives, but in some measure also to the other people of the same community: an unsatisfied creditor is likely to appropriate on occasion not only the buffalo of his tardy debtor's kin but also those of other persons living in the debtor's village. So far from every man regarding his duties as confined to the circle of consanguinity, there is an implicit understanding that internecine strife is to be discountenanced, lest the territorial group be unduly weakened in comparison with like groups; and there is a further tacit agreement that every Ifugao shall behave so as not to entangle his neighbours in hostilities. The apparently exclusive potency of blood-relationship is thus seen to be perceptibly limited by the recognition of local contiguity as a basis for political action and sentiment.

I offer this analysis of Ifugao jurisprudence as a fortiori evidence against the traditional theory of Maine and Morgan. In many other societies no such elaborate sifting of detail is required to drive home the same point. When the Sioux police beat a man who selfishly jeopardized the success of a tribal hunt, and destroyed his tent, they were manifestly acting in the common interest of a local group. So were the Australian elders who dispatched an organized party to avenge the death of a tribesman victimized by sorcery. Similar examples may easily be culled from the literature concerning other areas. In short, ethnography establishes not the priority of the blood-tie as compared with the local tie but the coexistence of both principles even in the ruder societies. The most that can safely be asserted is that under more primitive institutions, consanguinity tends to outweigh the territorial bond.

The bearing of the foregoing considerations on the theory of the State is obvious. Sociologists and comparative jurists need no longer be troubled by the insoluble puzzle of how the basis of blood-relationship in the formation of political groups could be transmuted into something utterly different. The relation of the two principles in question is one not of sequence but of coexistence; it is merely the degree of relative emphasis that has suffered alteration. From the earliest times of which we can form a clear picture, men have united on both a tribal and a territorial basis.

Maine's and Morgan's formulation of the modes of social organization among different peoples suffered from one cardinal defect that was not exposed with adequate documentation until the appearance, in 1902, of Heinrich Schurtz's "*Altersklassen und Männerbünde*." Whereas Maine and Morgan assumed that every social unit must be made up of people allied either by blood or by local contiguity, Schurtz proved conclusively that individuals very frequently grouped themselves together without the slightest regard either to consanguinity or to *explicitly* local ties, and that these bodies may exert an influence by no means less powerful than that of the family or clan, or regional group.

As for the psychological basis of these "associations," as they have conveniently been called by both French and English writers, Schurtz advanced some untenable special hypotheses, together with perfectly legitimate conceptions. He certainly erred in assuming that women were by their innate character incapable of

founding or joining associations except in quite subordinate fashion, and that all associations may be traced back to a basic sexual difference; the masculine tendency to unite in sociable groups being opposed to the feminine disposition to hug the fire-place. The fact is that in both Africa and America, women either participate in the associational activities of men or form important religious and occupational organizations of their own. They could hardly be expected to form constabulary or military societies; and if the number of woman's associations is distinctly less than man's the reason should be sought in the nature of her employment, which rarely demands organization.

Schurtz was further mistaken in the part he assigned to the factor of age as a dynamic force in creating associations, though here it must be admitted that he merely overemphasized a valid conception. It is not true, as he supposed, that secret societies, religious organizations, clubs, and all other associations whatsoever had their ultimate origin in groups of age-mates. But it is true that the tendency of individuals to group themselves according to age is deep-rooted and may crop up at any period and in any society. This is simply because personal congeniality and community of interests, which Schurtz recognized as motive forces, naturally operate with special power among coevals.

But what bearing have associations, which by definition are not founded upon local contiguity, on the development of a territorial unit, the State? The point is that while they are indeed ostensibly devoid of territorial implications, they are not so in fact. Among the Omaha Indians of Nebraska men having supernatural revelations from the same source, say from buffalo, form a religious fraternity. In the mind of the novice who joins such a society, and from the standpoint of older members as well, the solitary fact that entitles him to membership is a vision of a definite form. Yet what really happens at his reception into the fold is that he enters upon peculiarly intimate relations with a group of individuals who are not related to him by blood but who are inhabitants of the same locality. There is here a condition from which the assemblage of the entire population into a single body may readily emerge. Not infrequently the associations of primitive peoples do not remain in mutual independence. Among the Hopi of Arizona, for example, the Snake ritual is performed by the Snake and the Flute fraternity. In many plains-tribes the male population was grouped into a number of military clubs, distinct and sometimes even divided by rivalry, yet in a sense forming a single segmented body.

This tendency to unite among unrelated as well as related inhabitants of the same locality may attain its high-water mark through a peculiar turn in the associational development. Among the Hupa of north-western California, all the men of the village formed a single group because they lived in a common dormitory while each woman occupied her separate establishment. In Melanesia the segregation of the sexes went so far that the men not only slept apart but ate in a clubhouse tabooed to women. The Melanesians are also subdivided into family-groups and clans, but the social importance of these units is limited by the very existence of an institution that unites all the males of a settlement irrespective of their blood-ties; and when this union is consummated there comes into existence a definitely territorial unit, the parallel of our modern State.

If we now compare the society of the Ifugao with that of the Plains Indians or the Melanesians, the place to be assigned to associations in the history of the State

becomes clear. Associations do not create the local bond, for that is present, though very much subordinated, even in so extreme a case as that of the Ifugao. But associations invariably weaken the prepotency of blood-ties by establishing novel ties regardless of kinship; and they may indirectly establish a positive union of all the occupants of a given area. They are thus one of the greatest agencies for strengthening the principle of local contiguity.

The problem of the State can not be solved; it can only be reformulated so as to suggest new problems. The formulation here presented makes no pretence of eliminating all difficulties, but is presented merely in the hope of defining those difficulties in their proper relation to the general problem. We are far from understanding the exact course taken by the governmental institutions of different peoples. We are by no means certain to what extent the contact of distinct groups, for instance, has operated in creating distinctions in rank. The influence of associations, too, represents anything but a uniform phenomenon, and accordingly opens up a host of specific inquiries. But for a person content with a bird's-eye glimpse of the historical process, the problem may be said to be solved in principle, for he can form some conception of how the minute egalitarian primeval community, with its strong emphasis upon consanguinity, could have developed into the gigantic modern State, with its general recognition of caste-differences and its basis in territorial proximity. A sham enigma, at least, has been eliminated. One need no longer puzzle over the Hegelian metamorphosis of "social organization" on a consanguineal basis into "political organization" on a territorial basis, since both have coexisted since very early times. The local factor may have been subordinate, but its presence can no longer be disputed. What we know as political organization in Morgan's sense is due not to a spontaneous generation but to evolution from a germ that has always been present.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF S. A. TOLSTOY.

XI

IN 1895, Leo Nikolaievitch wrote a letter in which, as a request to his heirs, he expressed the desire that the copyright in his works should be made public property, and in which he entrusted the examination of his MSS. after his death to Nikolai Nikolaievitch Strakhov, to Chertkov and to me. The letter was in the keeping of my daughter Masha and was destroyed, and in its place, in September, 1909, a will was made at Chertkov's house in Krekshino not far from Moscow, where Leo Nikolaievitch and several other persons were staying at the time. The will turned out to have been drawn incorrectly and to be invalid, a fact which the "friends" soon found out.

Our journey home from Krekshino through Moscow was terrible. One of the intimates had informed the press that on such and such a day at a certain hour Tolstoy would be at the Kursk Station. Several thousand people came there to see us off. At moments it seemed to me, as I walked arm in arm with my husband and limped on my bad leg, that I should choke, fall down, and die. In spite of the fresh, autumnal air, we were enveloped in a hot thick atmosphere.

This had a very serious effect upon Leo Nikolaievitch's health. Just after the train had passed Shchekino station he began to talk deliriously and lost all consciousness of his surroundings. A few minutes after our arrival at home he had a prolonged fainting-fit and this was followed by a second. Luckily there was a doctor in the house. After this I suffered more and more from a painful nervous excitement; day and night I watched my hus-

band to see when he would go for a ride or a walk by himself, and I awaited his return anxiously, for I was afraid that he might have another fainting-fit, or fall down somewhere where it would be difficult to find him.

Owing to these agitations and to the difficult and responsible work connected with L. N. Tolstoy's publications, I continually grew more nervous and worried, and my health broke down completely. I lost my mental balance, and, owing to this, I had a bad effect upon my husband. At the same time Leo Nikolaievitch began continually to threaten to leave the house and his "intimate" friend (Chertkov) carefully prepared, together with the lawyer M., a new and correct will which was copied by Leo Nikolaievitch himself on the stump of a tree in the forest on 23 July, 1910.

This was the will which was proved after his death.

In his diary he wrote at the time, among other things: "I very clearly see my mistake; I ought to have called together all my heirs and told them my intention; I ought not to have kept it secret. I wrote this to —, but he was very much annoyed."

On 5 August he wrote of me: "It is painful, the constant secrecy and fear for her. . . ." On 10 August he wrote: "It is good to feel oneself guilty, as I do. . . ." And again: "My relations with all of them are difficult: I can not help desiring death. . . ."

Clearly the pressure brought to bear upon him tormented him. One of his friends, P. I. B—v, was of the opinion that no secret should be made of the will, and he told Leo Nikolaievitch so. At first he agreed with the opinion of this true friend, but the latter went away and Leo Nikolaievitch submitted to another influence, though at times he was obviously oppressed by it. I was powerless to save him from that influence, and for Leo Nikolaievitch and myself there began a terrible period of painful struggle which made me still more ill. The sufferings of my hot and harassed heart clouded my reasoning-powers, while Leo Nikolaievitch's friends worked continually, deliberately, subtly, upon the mind of an old man whose memory and powers were growing feeble. They created around him who was dear to me an atmosphere of conspiracy, of letters received secretly, letters and articles sent back after they had been read, mysterious meetings in forests for the performance of acts essentially disgusting to Leo Nikolaievitch; after their performance he could no longer look me or my sons straight in the face, for he had never before concealed anything from us; it was the first secret in our life and it was intolerable to him. When I guessed it and asked whether a will was not being made and why it was concealed from me, I was answered by a No or by silence. I believed that it was not a will. It meant, therefore, that there was some other secret of which I knew nothing, and I was in despair with the perpetual feeling that my husband was being deliberately turned against me and that a terrible and fatal ending was in store for us. Leo Nikolaievitch's threats to leave the house became more and more frequent, and this threat added to my torment and increased my nervousness and ill-health.

I shall not describe in detail Leo Nikolaievitch's departure. So much has been written and will be written about it, but no one will know the real cause. Let his biographers try to discover it.

When I read in the letter which Leo Nikolaievitch sent me through our daughter Alexandra that he had gone away finally and for ever, I felt and clearly understood that without him—and especially after all that had happened—life would be utterly impossible, and instantly I made up my mind to put an end to all my sufferings by throwing myself into the pond in which some time before a girl and her little brother had been drowned. But I was rescued, and when Leo Nikolaievitch was told of it he wept bitterly, as his sister, Marie Nikolaievna, wrote to me, but he could not persuade himself to return.

After Leo Nikolaievitch's going away an article appeared in the newspapers expressing the joy of one of his most "intimate" friends at the event.

XII

All my children came to Yasnaya Polyana and called in a specialist on nervous diseases and had a nurse to be with me. For five days I ate nothing and did not take a drop of water.

I felt no hunger, but my thirst was acute. In the evening of the fifth day my daughter Tanya persuaded me to drink a cup of coffee, by saying that, if father summoned me, I would be so weak that I should be unable to go.

Next morning we received a telegram from the newspaper *Russkoye Slovo* saying that Leo Nikolaievitch had fallen ill at Astapovo and that his temperature was 104. The "intimate" friend had received a telegram before this and had already left, carefully concealing from his family the place where the patient was lying. We took a special train at Tula and went to Astapovo. Our son Sergey on his way to his estate had been overtaken by a telegram from his wife who had sent it at our daughter Alexandra's request, and he was already with his father.

This was the beginning of new and cruel sufferings for me. Round my husband was a crowd of strangers and outsiders, and I, his wife, who had lived with him for forty-eight years, was not admitted to see him. The door of the room was locked, and, when I wanted to get a glimpse of my husband through the window, a curtain was drawn across it. Two nurses who were told off to look after me held me firmly by the arms and did not allow me to move. Meanwhile Leo Nikolaievitch called our daughter Tanya to him and began asking all about me, believing me to be in Yasnaya Polyana. At every question he cried, and our daughter said to him: "Don't talk about mamma, it agitates you too much." "Ah, no," he said, "that is more important to me than anything." He also said to her, but already indistinctly: "A great deal of trouble is falling upon Sonya; we have managed it badly."

No one ever told him that I had come, though I implored every one to do so. It is difficult to say who was responsible for this cruelty. Every one was afraid of accelerating his death by agitating him; that was also the doctors' opinion. Who can tell? Perhaps our meeting and my ways of caring for him, to which he was accustomed, might have revived him. In one of his letters to me, which I have recently published, Leo Nikolaievitch writes that he dreads falling ill without me.

The doctors allowed me to see my husband when he had almost ceased to breathe and was lying motionless on his back, with his eyes already closed. I whispered softly some tender words in his ear, hoping that he might still hear how I had been all the time there in Astapovo and how I loved him to the end. I do not remember what more I said to him, but two deep sighs, as if from a terrible effort, came as an answer to my words, and then all was still. . . .

All the days and nights that followed, until his body was removed, I spent by the dead, and in me too life became cold. The body was taken to Yasnaya Polyana; a multitude of people came there, but I saw and recognized no one, and the day after the funeral I collapsed with the same illness, pneumonia, though in a less dangerous form, and I was in bed for eighteen days.

A great comfort to me at the time was the presence of my sister, Tatyana Andreievna Kuzminsky, and of Leo Nikolaievitch's cousin, Varvara Valeryanovna Nagornaya. My children, tired out, returned to their families.

XIII

THEN there began my lonely life in Yasnaya Polyana, and the energy which I used to expend upon life was and is directed only to this, that I may endure my sorrowful existence worthily and with submission to the will of God. I try to occupy myself only with what in some way or another concerns the memory of Leo Nikolaievitch.

I live in Yasnaya Polyana, keeping the house and its surroundings as they were when Leo Nikolaievitch was alive, and looking after his grave. I have kept for my-

self 200 dessiatines of land with the apple orchard and the plantations, the making of which had given us such pleasure. The greater part of the land (475 dessiatines), with the fine, carefully preserved woods, I sold to my daughter Alexandra to be transferred to the peasants.

I also sold my Moscow house to the municipality, and I sold the last edition of the works of Leo N. Tolstoy, and gave all the proceeds to my children. But they, and particularly the grandchildren, are so numerous! Including the daughters-in-law and myself, we are now a family of thirty-eight and my help was, therefore, far from satisfactory.

I always feel in my heart profound gratitude to the Sovereign Emperor for granting me a pension, which allows me to live in security and to keep the manor of Yasnaya Polyana.

Three years have now passed. I look sadly on the havoc in Yasnaya Polyana, where the trees which we planted are being cut down, and the beauty of the place is gradually being spoiled, now that everything has been handed over to the timber-merchants and peasants who frequently have painful quarrels, now about the land and now about the woods. And what is going to happen to the manor and the house after my death?

Almost daily I visit the grave; I thank God for the happiness granted to me in early life; and as to the last troubles between us, I look upon them as a trial and a redemption of sin before death. Thy will be done!

SOPHIE ANDREIEVNA TOLSTOY.

(The End.)

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

NEW IDEALS IN GERMAN EDUCATION.

SIRS: With prudent economy, the German people are examining the ruins of their pre-war social structure in order to determine what value they may have for the reconstruction of the national life. The material from which we in Germany shall build our future must necessarily be sought for in the younger generation; and so it is that those who wish to restore our country to health are reviewing the ideas of pedagogy which were held before the war, and are demanding a profound reform in methods of education. The proposed new educational system has its basis in three demands: the demand of the child for physical and mental development; the demand of the community, not only that its most gifted members shall be as highly educated as possible, but that all its members shall be adequately prepared for their future work; and, finally, the demand made by the life of to-day, that work itself be recognized as a factor in education.

Realizing the obsolescence of our former methods of education, we are renouncing them and seeking to attain a new humanity through communal action. If this is to be accomplished, it is necessary that the reforms shall affect the whole spirit of education. To the names of the older educators, Comenius, Pestalozzi and Froebel, must be added those of such men as Natorp and Kerschensteiner, and, latest of all, Lietz, Wynecken and Dr. Wilker, who believe that the spirit of education can be renewed only through the establishment of a system which shall recognize the educational value of experience, autonomy, and communal action. This new conception of education is animated by the new spirit that is abroad in the world. The new school serves no social class or sect; it recognizes the rights of intellectual and spiritual possession, but does not recognize privileges based on material possessions; it is a balance between socialism and individualism in the interest of the development of free personality in a living community.

A single system of education leads from the kindergarten, through the public school and high school, to the university. Whereas the main purpose of the old school was the dissemination of knowledge, the cultivation of

memory and imitation, the new school endeavours to increase the resources already possessed by the individual. The advocates of the "*Arbeitschule*" or "school of work" hold that the dominant factor in the child's life is its need to keep busy. Since, to-day, the great need of the community is for productive human beings, capable of producing superior work and ready to serve society, a system of education must be found that will cultivate this need to keep busy. In order to keep busy, and to receive the stimulus to individual creation which is to be found only in the needs of life itself, the student must remain physically and spiritually close to life. It is this connexion between life and work which we of the new school are trying to establish.

The school, in order to cultivate the child in accordance with the forms of communal activity by which we are surrounded, divides its pupils into life- and work-communities. Every pupil takes the place assigned to him by his natural disposition, gifts, or inclination. The strong ones complement the weak ones, the prudent act as a balance for those of headlong temperament. The draughtsman will contribute his sketches to the community, the engineer his models, the author his stories, the organizer his plans. All means of expression are developed: speech, painting, designing, construction, organization and service; for it is recognized that everything has its place in man's life, the creative hand as well as the creative intellect. Thus, each individual gradually creates a position for himself in which he may enjoy freedom while remaining a member of the social body. In this way, the pupils, without sacrifice of individuality, work for one another and with one another; and the student-body of the school is strengthened in its intimate unity.

This method of education is, of course, conditional on the maintenance of a new relationship among teachers, pupils and parents. The pupils engage actively in the planning and management of the school and of its celebrations; they have their share in its decoration; they care for its collections of specimens, for its apparatus and its tools; they attend to the furnishing of raw materials; they arrange lectures, games and trips and conduct their own libraries and tribunals. Thus, those with a gift for leadership are given an opportunity to become leaders. The teachers of such a school must, of course, work co-operatively and must have, moreover, the support of the parents. Evenings of explanation; the sharing by all of work, cares, and recreations; visits to the homes by teachers and visits of parents to the classroom; such contacts create the foundation of trust without which a school can not grow. The graduates remain in touch with the school; and the children themselves see the relation between school and home. This connexion is a source of strength, for the parents are thus enabled to understand better the work that is being done, and so consent more readily to the replacement of the cramping systems of the past by a system of education that is consistent with development. In our new schools of action, the children receive their moral education through their own experiences, and there is no special instruction in religion or morals.

Although the Government has given some consideration to the principle of the new school, and although the foundations for its future development are being laid by extending university-training to all teachers, the new school as its advocates conceive it, is still far from being an accomplished fact. In many places the teachers are doing active pioneer-work, and have allied themselves with groups of persons who are interested in pedagogy. Because of the nature of the experiments, they were first tried in the public schools. In Hamburg and Munich, Berlin, Saarbrücken, Breslau, Leipzig, Dresden and other places, the new ideas are being put into practice by teachers especially trained in the advanced methods.

Such a community-school as I have been describing has existed in Dresden since Easter, 1920. It was founded by sixteen educators, who asked the city for a school in which to try out their experiment. So great

was the popular interest in the undertaking that when the school opened, parents from all social classes brought more children than could be accepted. Nearly 600 children are now being taught in the sixteen classes. The change became immediately visible in the appearance of the school-building. In the halls the customary desolation gave way before blossoming plants; the drab, monotonous walls were painted in bright and joyous colours. Instead of old-fashioned benches, the classrooms contain tables and chairs. The workshops offer special opportunities for carpentry and for work in metal, paper and cardboard.

The parents help by furnishing work and money for the equipment of the school. They have given a moving-picture machine, a wireless apparatus and a library. They took entire charge of the preparation and the distribution of the food supplied by the Quakers. In summer they enjoy taking part in the out-door sports of the young people; and on winter evenings they have their share in entertaining the children with fairy-tales and music. During study-hours they learn what the school intends to do with their children. We can always count on their enthusiastic participation in the festivals of our little community. They have felt the impulse towards life, the moral strength, of such education, and, almost without exception, have consented to the abandonment of special religious instruction at school. Evidently new forces are here at work, new values of character and will are growing that will help in the gradual development of a new humanity.

We keep detailed notes of our observation of the children's psychology. We understand the child's natural desire to be active, and by watching him in his ceaseless activity we endeavour to discover his natural inclinations, his gifts, and the whole of his inner life. The work, however, is not directed by the changing moods of our young people, although we do base our courses on their desire to adapt themselves to life, and on the extent to which their abilities have developed. When work requires it, we leave the classroom. We may go to our workshop or take ship or train for a two or three days excursion that will enrich our minds through contact with nature or with some centre of industry or art.

In the first classes we allow the little ones to remain children and play freely, instead of trying at once to teach them reading and writing. From the surroundings of the child, the objects he lives with, his troubles and joys, we derive the material for education which shall extend his vision first to the things of his native country, then to the things of the whole world in their relation to the homeland. The more the work of education advances, the more individual inclinations are strengthened and, with them, the sense of membership in a community. In the four higher grades (which include the children from ten to fourteen years old), the classroom work is interrupted twice a week. The students then gather, according to their inclination, in elective courses for drawing, for cardboard work, wood and metal work, for rhythmic, lectures, experimenting in chemistry and physics, handicrafts, English, French, stenography, arithmetic and other studies. The older and younger children co-operate in this work. The larger ones take care of the rooms of the smaller ones, and the smaller ones tell the larger ones in the workshop what kind of toys they would like to have made for them.

Need I tell further how the little ones brought up in this way continue their development, how they come to think of their work as a communal thing, how in the higher classes they themselves organize, dispose and supervise their work, establish the order of their day, arrange students' assemblies, courts and elections? Need I tell how, in thought and action, they penetrate into the various fields of knowledge, of creative work, and of art, and how free from perfunctory routine they remain withal? It is enough to say that they enter life with a preparation for citizenship which is very, very different from that with which the older generation approached it. I am, etc.,

Dresden, Germany.

ALBIN ANDERS.

MISCELLANY.

I WONDER what was in the mind of the man who lately wrote to one of the newspapers, suggesting that instead of presenting "The Rivals," the Players' Club should have devoted its laudable enterprise to producing a "modern" play. Probably he meant a new play, a play recently written. It strikes me as of the essence of play-writing that any good play is modern, provided its theme be not one from which interest has become evaporated. The theme of Sheridan's "Rivals" is one, beyond question, which has perennial interest; and the play, moreover, is a good one. Its lines can hardly be improved, its action is brisk and brilliant, and it is delightfully entertaining. In respect of plays, the distinction between ancient and modern turns out to be pretty empty, and there is a deal of humbug and cant about it. The proper distinction is between good plays and worse plays; and the desirable thing, surely, is to have good plays, as good as may be had, regardless of their date. I am all for new plays and for old ones too, provided they be good, and if they are good, it would not occur to me to care whether they were new or old. If there is a new play available which is as good all round as "The Rivals," I should be strongly for having the Players' Club present it. But I know of none such, and therefore I am glad that the club chose "The Rivals."

THE PLAYERS' CLUB, in an off-season week of ghastly heat, brought out this play, which had not been done in New York for, I think, twenty-seven years—too long for our newspaper-reviewers, most of whom were teething at the time, and unable to make much more of the play than they showed themselves able to make of it during its present run. The Empire is one of our largest theatres; and the play ran to standing-room at every performance, and at the last performances, a sweltering public was standing three rows deep. The Players' Club has, of course, great prestige and the cast was a distinguished one. Nevertheless, with all due allowances, I believe that this run of "The Rivals" offers fair proof that in its dramatic allegiances, the city is not wholly given over to idolatry, and that there is room in it for an occasional good play. I was as much interested in the audience as in the stage, as I always am on such occasions, and its civilized appearance and its intelligent and appreciative behaviour were highly satisfactory evidence of what New York can do by way of response to an appropriate stimulus. I have seen three extremely distinguished audiences in New York this year, all very large and all different. The first was at M. Edmond Clément's concerts; the second and most striking was at the Liederkrantz Society's annual concert in January, where I saw more people of apparent intelligence and culture than I have ever seen gathered together in New York; and the third at "The Rivals."

"THE RIVALS" is an exacting play, and the work of those actors who had not been trained to meet just such exactions was thrown up in uncommonly distinct contrast to the work of those who had. Those who have the interest of the theatre at heart should have been present to study this contrast and to reflect upon its eloquent testimony to a bad and superficial system of training. Let me take for example the two young women of the piece, impersonated by Miss Heming and Miss Collinge; and let me say most explicitly, and so that there can be no possibility of my being misunderstood, that I do not reflect upon their ability or competence when I say that they were not trained to do the kind of thing that is demanded by "The Rivals," and that such training can not be improvised or made shift for, but, on the contrary, is an affair of many years and much experience. Miss Heming and Miss Collinge are more than well trained to do anything, probably, that in a professional way they will ever be called upon to do. Their training is fully equal to any demand that current commercial drama can put upon it, but it is not

equal to "The Rivals"; and in spite of their splendid conscientiousness and enthusiasm, their work showed that it is not.

IN the exercise of every art, and of every trade and profession as well, there is a multitude of small matters, so small as to be individually almost indistinguishable, which together convey the total impression of the way in which the artist is handling himself. These may be called bits of "inside play." They are innumerable, and every one of them is sufficient or nearly so—two or three taken together are more than sufficient—to enable the experienced eye or ear to take an accurate measure of the artist's training. For instance, when the curtain went up on the "Barber of Seville," and one heard Fernando de Lucia sing the word *cielo* in the first line of the "Ecco ridente," one knew as much about his vocal training as one would know after hearing him in forty operas. There was only one way to become able to sing those notes as he sang them. Similarly, as soon as one hears Antonio Scotti sing the words, *Io sono il prologo*, one has, as far as he is concerned, a pretty complete measure of the performance that one is going to hear. Similarly there are innumerable unconsidered odds-and-ends of stage-deportment and stage-manner any one of which tells with uncompromising clearness the story of the actor's training; and "The Rivals" is a play which ruthlessly brings them out.

AMONG these are the acts of sitting and rising, of walking on and off the stage. In the Players' Club cast of "The Rivals," Mr. Henry E. Dixey had the small part of Fag, with very little to do beyond walking on and off the stage; but it was worth haunting the Empire, night after night in the parboiling heat, to see him do it. Nobody could possibly do that apparently simple act as Mr. Dixey does it, unless he had the kind of training which includes everything that is done on the stage, from classic tragedy to toe-dancing. It simply can not be done; Mr. Dixey's second exit gave away his whole training and experience in about a quarter of a minute. This is a specimen of the kind of thing that "The Rivals" presented so abundantly, and by way of such striking contrasts among the actors. Miss Heming and Miss Collinge, for example, can walk on and off the stage plenty well enough to suit the exigencies of any play now running on Broadway or likely to run there; but the exactions of "The Rivals" simply overdrew on their training, and their contrast with seasoned veterans like Mr. Dixey, Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Shaw, was very great.

MERELY to point this out would be ungracious enough, and not worth while. It is eminently worth while, however, as leading up to the moral which any amateur observer would extract from this performance of "The Rivals." If we want a great stage, we must have great actors; and for the development of great actors, the methods of training now in vogue, the methods that developed Miss Heming and Miss Collinge, are utterly incompetent. I do not say that the old method was perfect, but certainly we have as yet effected no improvement on it; and that method consisted not only in learning to do but actually doing, everything that can be done on a stage, and doing it, one may say, all at once. The soubrette-soprano, Lina Ababanell, told me the other day that in her first season she played all of sixty parts. One night she played Zerlina; the next night, she had a small part in one act of a Wagnerian opera, and "suped" in another act; next night, Mlle. Nitouche—and so on. Well, there is the method; it is a hard mill, but there it is. Probably Miss Heming and Miss Collinge, if they ever by chance read my professional recommendations, and especially if they ever happened to read of the terrible course of sprouts through which the great Goethe put his actors at Weimar, will get down upon their knees and thank their lucky stars that they have made their own way in the world already.

NEVERTHELESS, that method made great actors and they made a great stage. It is for the sake of a great stage that I want the Miss Hemings and Miss Collinges of the future to be really good actresses; not good enough for Broadway farce, Broadway comedy, Broadway vaudeville, Broadway folk-drama of "The First Year" type, but good enough for "The Rivals." Good enough, moreover, to afford not to care two pins what sort of part is given them. I want them able, like Mr. Dixey, to pick up indifferently any little tuppenny part in anything, and do it in a way that people will remember as long as they live; and in order to get this ability, I see nothing better than the old type of training. I would have them play to-night a parlour-maid, to-morrow night Lady Macbeth, next night a courtesan, next an *ingénue*, and so on to the limit of everything playable; and all under the most uneasy and implacable of *régisseurs*, who would think nothing of holding up a rehearsal for an hour and a half until they had satisfactorily accomplished the feat of sitting down on a sofa and getting up again. There may be other ways of re-establishing a great stage, but I do not know what they are. Scenery will not do it, good looks will not do it, even good plays will not do it. Nothing will do it, I believe, but good actors; and the only way that I know of getting good actors is by making them through this method of experience.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE ART OF ADOLPHE APPIA.

EVER since the new art of the theatre was first discussed, ever since the late drama was unceremoniously waved aside as an intrusion upon the stage, the name of Adolphe Appia has been on the lips of the glib theorists. It was a name to conjure with; it sounded well coupled with that of Stanislavky and Hevesy. I think it was Gordon Craig who first mentioned him. This is fitting, for those who had an opportunity to study M. Appia's drawings at the recent Theatrical Exposition at Amsterdam, where they were on view with Mr. Craig's designs, will have realized to what an extent the younger man is indebted to the older. Gordon Craig is indisputably the most dynamic force in—or should one say out of?—the theatre of to-day; but Adolphe Appia may in some respects be considered the power behind the movement in which Mr. Craig has assumed a leading role.

Adolphe Appia, a man of over seventy, living the life of a hermit, is a person whose very existence it is difficult to realize. Yet, unheralded and unsung, he has for a score of years exercised over the modern theatre an influence which it is almost impossible to appraise. Many producers who are lauded for the originality of their work have benefited by advice and detailed instructions from M. Appia, although such assistance has not always been acknowledged. M. Appia, living in obscurity, is evidently content to evolve his ideas in a seclusion which gives him ample leisure to think and to work.

It was with Gordon Craig that I viewed the eight or ten drawings of M. Appia at Amsterdam. Mr. Craig was visibly impressed by the Swiss artist's latest work. The first of these, a setting for "Echo et Narcisse," was made for the performances of the Jacques Dalcroze Institute during 1920. In this and his other late work the artist is seen striving to bring about that fusion of background with the human body, which lies at the root of his most recently expressed ideas. The stark simplicity of these stages invites the actor, demanding his presence in order to complete the composition. In this respect, they are the antithesis

of Mr. Craig's drawings, which are complete in themselves and seem to regard the presence of man as an intrusion.

The design for the setting of "Echo et Narcisse" is simply an arrangement of large square blocks and columns, soft flights of steps and vast sweeps of marble floor. Mr. Craig, who has himself often made striking use of technical means as simple as this, has not been content to accentuate the drama and its actors. He has moments, I think, when he despairs of finding actors to live up to his conceptions of the theatre. M. Appia, on the other hand, with the happy optimism of a child, is confident that the human body will draw to it the sort of drama that it can properly interpret and render beautiful. M. Appia believes in making use of the physical means at hand; Mr. Craig appears to have lost faith in everything except symbols which bear only a faint resemblance to actuality.

M. Appia, like Mr. Craig, has attempted to explain his ideas. He has written two books on the theatre, and occasional brochures and articles. His books are as difficult to find as they are to understand. Again, like Mr. Craig, he is not at his best when he attempts to explain what he is trying to do. Both men are too preoccupied with what they are doing to be able adequately to define their accomplishments or their aims. By far the best expression of M. Appia's theories is to be found in a small book which has just been published in Switzerland, "L'Œuvre d'art vivant."

M. Appia's message is above all the message of a philosopher. He goes to the root of things, and strives to establish his theories upon fundamental principles. One can not say to him, Here is your theatre: now show us exactly what you mean to do; neither can one expect him to offer definite suggestions that will *immediately* result in a living art of the theatre. Appia fully realizes that his words will not and can not effect an immediate and material revolution; he does not ask us to build for him a theatre to-morrow on the understanding that he will produce perfect plays the day after. He works towards a revolution of mental attitude, the results of which may not become apparent for decades. The book bears the following double dedication:

To Emile Jacques Dalcroze

Faithful friend to whom I am indebted
for having an æsthetic fatherland—
. . . and to you

Oh, Walt Whitman, who will understand me
Because you are living—always!

"Will understand"—M. Appia is content to wait!

It is not easy to understand him immediately. He is perforce constrained to employ words and phrases which convey meanings foreign to his conceptions: "stage," "theatre," "*mise en scène*" for instance, invariably connote ideas which he would have us discard. He must therefore be continually modifying and qualifying in order to explain the unknown in terms of the known.

The closing words of "L'Œuvre d'art vivant" may be taken as an appropriate text in any approach to the new conception: "In our days, *living* art is a personal attitude, which must aspire to become common to us all." This volume, presumably the final expression of those ideas which have been germinating within the artist for half a century, is a summons to mankind, stimulating in them a desire to see that the theatre shall become a sentient organism, a link between life and art, an integral part of life itself. At the very

beginning he insists that we abandon all our ideas concerning that "union of all the arts" so loudly proclaimed by Wagner and his disciples.

A most dangerous axiom once led us and continues to lead us into error. Men deserving of our faith have told us that dramatic art is the fusion of all the arts. . . . Dramatic art, like each of the independent arts, appeals to the eye, the ear, the understanding. Why is every effort towards synthesis reduced, in advance, to nothingness?

To begin with, there is no principle on which to effect a fusion of many arts, and still preserve to each its complete independence:

We can find no way of conciliating the function common to each of the arts and bringing them together into one harmonious whole. In space [in this instance, in a theatre or on a stage] duration of time will be expressed by a succession of forms—therefore by movement. In time, space will be expressed by a succession of words or sounds—that is, by more or less varied 'durations' determining space and movement. *Movement* is the directing and conciliating principle which will determine the fusion of our various forms of art in order to effect a simultaneous convergence at a given point: upon dramatic art. Now, since this *movement* is the one indispensable principle, it will command hierarchically all forms of art, subordinating each to the other, in order to achieve a harmony which each of the arts, left to itself, could not have achieved.

M. Appia evidently realizes that this reasoning is somewhat obscure, and he goes on to say: "Here we are at the root of the problem, for how are we to apply *movement* to what we call the fine arts, which are in their very nature immobile? How apply it to the spoken word, to music especially, whose existence is solely in time?"

It is a matter of finding the method by which these "immobile arts" can be "mobilized." They can not, naturally, take the places which they assume independently. Architecture, for example, must serve only a part of its complete function, while painting, because of its obvious limitations, must be practically eliminated.

One begins to see now the guiding principle of M. Appia's synthesis: he demands not a complete union of all the arts, which can never be fused unless they are modified and reduced in order to serve a common end. He depends on the human body to bring about what he calls a hierarchic fusion of the arts. The drama, to him, begins with living beings; they are not only the essence of drama, they are drama itself. Without the body the art of the theatre and the art of the drama (which are the same thing), are simply non-existent. He will, of course, have nothing to do with marionnettes, which are the negation of life.

Movement, then, the movement of life in the living body, is the "harmonizing element, and should as such be accorded the first consideration." That is why painting, whose lack of plasticity definitely excludes it from the company of the human body, must be reduced to almost nothing. Architecture, however, since it is plastic and has an existence in living space, is one of the chief accompaniments to the human body.

Let us take an example [he says] by imagining a column, square, vertical, with clearly defined angles. This column rests without a base, upon horizontal flagstones. It gives an impression of stability and resistance. A human being approaches. From the contrast of his movements with the tranquil immobility of the column there is born the sense of expressive life, which the body without the column or the column without the advancing body, could not have created. Further, the sinuous and rounded lines of the body differ essentially from the flat surfaces and sharp angles of the column; that contrast is in itself expressive. Now the body touches the column, and the contrast is still more accentuated.

Finally the body leans against the column whose immobility offers a firm resistance. The column is opposed to the body: it *moves*! This opposition has created life in our inanimate form: space has become living!

With the body as the focal point, M. Appia would add music to the theatre, accentuating and interpreting the rhythmic movements of the body; and poetry, which is more directly an art of expression. "Music gives to the motions of the body successive periods of duration; the body then transmits these into space, and the inanimate forms, by offering their rigidity in contrast with the body, express an existence of their own."

The gulf between Craig and Appia becomes more apparent than ever, when one realizes that Craig would do away with what Appia demands as the prime necessity of drama. Mr. Craig's marionnettes are the negation of drama as it is conceived by M. Appia. To the latter, the human body is the symbol of life; it is, above all, the point at which drama begins:

There are great artists [who have] adopted the idea of moving marionnettes. . . . Their desire to be *alone* before the stage, like the painter in his studio, has prevailed. . . . Can you imagine living humanity content for long with an automatized dramatic art of that sort? . . . Dramatic art is above all an art concerned with life.

Essentially—and with M. Appia one is always dealing in essentials—M. Appia is right. For is not the adoption of the marionnette after all an acknowledgment of defeat? Mr. Craig has perhaps resorted to the mask because he would shun the ugliness of life, and because he can not find in the flesh the ideal beauty he would have in his theatre. But the substitution of the marionnette for the living actor is in reality an attempt to escape from life.

Finally, one may ask, where does the dramatist come in? What has he to do with this synthetic process? Hitherto, he has worked almost entirely in the dark. He writes his play, but to the director, the actors, the scene-painter, the carpenter and the electrician, is left everything else. The dramatist must begin with the human body, "plastic and living," and he must see to it that everything—text, music, architecture, colour and light, arranged in M. Appia's hierarchic order—shall merge into an harmonious whole, the centre of which is the body. The "dramatist-producer" as M. Appia calls him, is a painter with a living palette. "Living colour" is what he shall strive to attain.

This new dramatist-producer does not yet exist, because as yet there is no adequate conception of the proper relation of the human body to its surroundings. M. Appia believes, or appears to believe, that from his new conception of art there will spring a new dramatic art. He believes that a "work of dramatic art is to be lived," not merely to be read or perfunctorily produced. A new conception is all he asks for. "Living art, as we have seen, demands of the dramatist a new attitude, and that attitude is to be the result of the directing of his imagination upon the living being alone, to the exclusion of all else."

BARRETT H. CLARK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

SIRS: I was much interested in your suggestions for further economies in the handling of beverages for the support of the mercantile marine. Perhaps the plan might be reduced to a rule of conduct. It has been said that Tammany maintained its organization by taking for itself a given percentage of all taxes collected, and sustained its reputation for efficiency by

employing the balance with rare intelligence for the public good. Could not the Government determine to confiscate a percentage of beverages sufficiently large to meet the competitive requirements of our mercantile marine, and then leave the balance to be consumed by a grateful people? I am, etc.,

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

SIRS: A letter from Mr. Charles Edward Russell in the *Freeman* of 5 July, concerning the respective merits of Lanier's and other analyses of the metric properties of English poetry, prompts me to poignant memories of other days and stranger, homelier scenes, long before this post-war lassitude sapped the stamina of us radicals. I am reminded of those eager days when, as students, we sent to one Mr. Charles Edward Russell, then editor of the *Coming Nation*, a programme of the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club, from which he chose two topics as the subject of a facetious editorial. One of these papers, I believe, purported to be a dissertation on some Latin scholar's erudite notions about a Solid within a Solid, and the other, if I remember correctly, concerned the origins of our Arabic notation. The editorial in question raised the issue of the practical utility of such recondite learning to a schoolmaster, and of the value of such expositions to society in general. The conclusion, I recollect distinctly, was that these papers would serve admirably as linings for Aunt Jemima's pantry shelves.

Ah, me! Times have indeed changed since then. Here am I, writing, as a professing physiologist, dissertations no less obscure and esoteric than those I once referred, in cynic mirth, to the editor of that once valiant but no longer *Coming Nation*, which now adorns not even Aunt Jemima's shelves. Can it be that we have both come to the same estate, and that the Mr. Charles Edward Russell who once found in the caption, "Elihu Root Will Do It," the answer to that stickler for radical lecturers, "Who will do the dirty work under Socialism?"—can it be that it is he who now indulges a mature and chastened fancy with the finer points of distinction between Tweedledum and Tweedledee? If this is that Mr. Charles Edward Russell, may I tender condolences, as one world-weary mortal to another, on the futile outcome of human aspirations: to be printed on paper, and spread under pots of jam, or, folded once the long way, employed in killing flies! The moral would seem that, to the flies, it matters little what is printed on the paper; nor, to the writer, need it matter to what use Aunt Jemima puts it. Is it a logical conclusion that the facile indulgence of one's ingenuous fancy is the Chief End of Man? I am, etc.,

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

GEORGE H. BISHOP.

LET TIME TELL.

SIRS: Will you permit me in all earnestness and sincerity to thank you for the editorial, "A Drab Anticlimax," appearing in your issue of 28 June, and to add that "in principle," at least, I am in agreement with its main contentions?

Those of us who have always flown publicly the banner of an Irish republic and who regard the Irish Free State as the nearest thing to our hearts' desire now available have fully realized, at least for some years past, the futility of all such purely political contrivances as the Free State Constitution represents. We stand where we have always stood, for the true conception of an Irish Free State—"the co-operative principle of the ancient Brehon laws," as you so happily phrase it.

Since the negotiations with Britain were brought to a close, the "Republican" brethren in Ireland have professed to believe that all who accept the Free State proposal have proved their willingness to continue wearing the English clog, and that they (the self-styled Republicans) alone have continued true to the ideal of an Irish republic. This assumption is false, just as their "military" operations have proved dangerously foolish. Real Irish nationalists have always acted on the belief that the battle for freedom in that country must be continuous, and that any advance, however slight, towards conditions which might enable it to be fought on more nearly equal terms, should be welcomed. It was on that principle that they co-operated with Parnell and refused in any way to associate themselves with his successors in the British Parliament. That great popular leader refused to set bounds to the progress of his nation; so have they refused, and so do they still.

Not one of the men who were shot to death during Easter Week, 1916, by order of the British Government—not even James Connolly, the most advanced economic thinker of them

all—but accepted this view of the progressive advance of Ireland towards full political, social and economic freedom. Pearse, Tom Clarke, McDermott and others of them lived that conviction all their days in and out of British prisons. The Irish people themselves gave to it virtually their undivided sanction when they inaugurated the Gaelic League and the policies of Sinn Féin.

Conceding all you say concerning the nature of certain of the provisions of the new Constitution, the issue (and the only issue) remains, whether the Irish electors will or will not, in the future, insist on such amendments as will restore to their country the system of government on behalf of which your editorial is so eloquent a plea. If they do not, they will have proved themselves unworthy of their national heritage and the Irish cause will cease to merit serious consideration by liberty-loving people.

Considering the advances made among the Irish people in our time by those forms of education that must inevitably lead to the full restoration of the old Irish ideals, and bearing in mind how deeply committed are their leaders, intellectual and political alike, to that type of education as the prime obligation of the new Government, I can have no fear. I am, etc.,

Seattle, Washington.

M. J. COSTELLO.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

SIRS: It was quite refreshing to read the editorial in your issue of 28 June on "the annual powwow of the A. F. of L." The lamentations of their constituents, as you say, have a familiar sound!

How different are the actions of other groups of trade unionists—of those who are not content with merely making and losing small gains in wages and hours from year to year, but who are getting at the root of the system of monopoly and private profit and are seeking, through the Co-operative Movement, to eradicate it!

The accomplishments of co-operation in the United States would seem insignificant if they were limited only to those of the Finns in Brooklyn to whom you have referred. All over the country similar work is going on. Paterson, New Jersey, has been a storm-centre of labour-struggles for the last decade. This city where the workers have been beaten time and again in their attempts to better their condition through labour-organization and through strikes, is the home of one of the most successful co-operatives in the East. The Purity Co-operative Society, a consumers' organization of 2000 members, is supplying \$250,000 worth of bread and \$100,000 worth of meat to the consumers of Paterson and the vicinity annually. Its great double ovens bake 5000 loaves of bread and 2000 dozen rolls every day. Its butcher-shop is perhaps the cleanest and the largest in the town. The weekly pay roll of the bakery and meat-market, which employ forty-two butchers and bakers, amounts to \$1600. The total investment of the workers in their society amounts to \$175,000. Although rebates on purchases have been paid, the larger policy of the association has been to use the surplus earnings for the general good of the members and of the community. They are investing their present earnings in a large vacation-farm where the children may enjoy good food, fresh air and sunlight, free of charge. A few years ago, a portion of the earnings was used to bring good orchestral and vocal music to the people of Paterson, through a series of regular concerts held in the high school building. The workers of Paterson are the directing force of this enterprise, which they finance and administer. Their success goes a long way towards refuting the contention that the workers are not qualified to administer their own affairs.

In Chicago another interesting piece of work is going on. While thousands of thoughtless people were lured by the bait of "getting goods cheap" and of sharing in the "enormous profits" that were promised by promoters of a gigantic fake co-operative last year, 600 hard-headed Pullman mechanics were effectively administering a real co-operative enterprise, the Roseland Co-operative Association. In spite of the general decline in prices during the year, and the loss in earning-power of the workers, due to unemployment, these workers distributed to themselves \$195,605 worth of goods. On an investment of \$5720, they were able to declare a patronage-dividend equivalent to ninety per cent of their invested capital. They do not live by bread alone, however. In addition to their store, meat-market and restaurant, they have club rooms and a library where thoughtful books on economics and world-affairs form the basis of the evening arguments and discussions of the workers.

These are only two examples out of many that exist in this seemingly inert United States of to-day. The three-quarters of a million members of the 3000 societies doing an annual distributive trade of \$200 million, form oases of hope in the American desert of economic ignorance and indifference.

Thus the co-operative movement is demonstrating in a small but definite way that *the people's business can be conducted efficiently and well without the motive of private profit; and that the people are building up by their own efforts annually, reserves which can be used for further expansion and for further encroachment on the profit-system.* By means of the accumulated reserve-funds of many distributive stores, wholesale stores are being organized. The next encroachment on the profit-system will be the co-operative ownership and operation of productive industries by the consumers. Finally, as the co-operative resources and reserves increase, land and natural resources will become socially owned and employed.

This steady if slow process is the one that seems to be most capable of undermining monopoly and privilege. These two evils can not be eliminated by patchwork, or even by assault. They are well entrenched in the system that dominates our present economic life. They must be systematically supplanted, and by something that works better, for all concerned. I am, etc.,

New York City.

AGNES D. WARBASE.

BOOKS.

SAINT JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL.

WHEN one thinks of Jane Frances de Chantal, one must think of Saint Francis de Sales; and when one thinks of Saint Francis de Sales, a whole troop of historical figures comes to one from the early seventeenth century. There are Henry IV and Marie de Médicis and the Duke of Sully. There are scions of the noble families to which both Saint Jane de Chantal and Saint Francis de Sales were allied. Both were canonized by the Roman Catholic Church, and the process of their canonization was eagerly scanned for a flaw in their lives by the "advocate of the devil," whose business it is to prevent the official declaring of saints, if he can.

The story of Saint Jane de Chantal¹ is the story of the circumstances that surrounded many ladies of the French aristocracy of her time—a time of religious contention, of a corruption of morals which was almost equal to that which existed in the reign of Louis XV, of a delicate sense of honour which ran counter to all the principles of that Christian faith to which the nobility and gentry of France, both Catholic and Huguenot, had vowed themselves. Chastity, in the view of the people of this time in France was not a negative virtue; and that kind of hypocrisy which became later so common, assuming that temptations never attack the really good, was practically unknown. In a later time, Tartuffe might have advanced this theory; but it was not the theory of Saint Jane de Chantal or of her director, Saint Francis de Sales.

The Baroness Jane Frances Fremyot de Chantal was twenty-nine years of age in 1601. She was the daughter of one of the most distinguished men of the noblesse of the robe, the President Fremyot of the Parliament of Dijon. When very young she married the Baron de Chantal. After many years of happiness, he was killed in a shooting-accident, and for a time she lived with a very selfish old man (her father-in-law), and her five children. It was a long probation. The process of the education of children among the nobility of that time did not depend on their mothers. Family-influences and immediate family-interference had much to do with it; and the old Baron was not altogether an agreeable person. It was not

strange, then, that Jane de Chantal longed for something that would satisfy her soul more than the narrow life she led. She was essentially a mystic, and after the death of her husband, her one idea was to be united to Christ and to live solely for him. She realized—it was not an uncommon knowledge in those days—that there was a science of mysticism which illuminated each act of everyday life. It was not the custom then to depend merely on spiritual breathings, or to imagine that even those who desire perfection could dispense with the human channels through which it flows. She had heard of that wonderful Bishop of Geneva, or rather the coadjutor of the Bishop of Geneva, whose personality so greatly attracted Henry of Navarre, and whose benevolence and gentleness had mollified even the stern wrath of many of the Huguenots. She longed to meet him, and a meeting was arranged by her brother.

"Madame," the Bishop asked, as he took his seat beside her, "do you intend to marry again?" "Certainly not," the Baroness answered, very much annoyed. "Then," he said, glancing at her splendid jewels, "you must lower your flag." She had found the spiritual director for whom she had longed. She was desirous of doing some great work in the world for the poor, who in those days were much neglected. In 1605 she renewed her vows of poverty, chastity and obedience at the Mass he offered for her; and he renewed his vow of chastity and solemnly promised God "to assist, guide, serve, and advance his dear daughter in Christ, Jeanne Frances Fremyot de Chantal, most diligently, holily, and faithfully in the love of God, looking upon her soul as his own, to answer for it before Our Lord."

This was the beginning of the foundation of the Institute of the Visitation; and this volume is devoted to the translation of a series of letters, most illuminating in respect to the exterior and interior lives of a group of women who had given up all things of the world to follow Christ, taking literally the counsels of the Saviour. These letters have a very human interest. "You must make up your mind," Francis de Sales said to Jane de Chantal, "to suffer temptations nearly all your life. Never consent to them or be astonished at them, for *what does he know who is not tempted?*"; and in this most interesting collection, expressing the very heart and soul of a woman of genius and of common sense, one discovers that she herself, the consoler, the director, the administrator, in a word, the mother, of many groups of spiritual-minded women vowed absolutely to the service of their God and humanity, suffered constantly from all the temptations that afflict humanity, except that against chastity. She had, too, to deal with nuns who, while determined to seclude themselves from the charms of the world, were just as temperamental, as prone to prejudices and to the consideration of petty trifles, as any other human beings; but, after all, they had only one ideal, and this was always her last resort.

Francis de Sales, in founding the Institute of the Visitation, had determined to do a brave thing; and Jane de Chantal never lacked courage. It is hard in this century to realize the narrow conservatism of the French nobility of the seventeenth century, and how difficult it was to take any stand against the traditions of the past. Nuns were enclosed; for a nun to be seen outside of a cloister was a scandal; she might help the poor and the sick, but only vicariously; and if one reads the chronicles of the times—that time before Vincent de Paul created the hospitals of France

¹"The Spirit of Saint Jane Frances de Chantal, as Shown by Her Letters." Translated by The Sisters of the Visitation, Harrow-on-the-Hill. With a Preface by His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. \$6.00.

and made a few realize the sordid horrors of poverty in a city like Paris—one sees how badly the lowest ten thousand needed such ministrations as Jane de Chantal and her sisters in religion proposed to offer them. The Institute of the Visitation took its name from the chief practice enjoined on the Sisters—the personal visiting of the helpless poor, the sick, the dying. Jane de Chantal, and her director, saw a future of almost limitless service for the love of God through the zeal of these groups of women. Moreover, they were to be poor; they were to hold everything in common; no member of the Institute could then, or can now, possess any property of her own; even her prayer book and her rosary were taken yearly and given to another nun.

The hopes of Frances de Chantal seemed to be realized. A simple home was made for her and a small group of nuns; but suddenly the Cardinal Archbishop interfered at Lyons—he would have no visiting nuns. What decent woman could trust herself, even when accompanied by another, in the small streets and alleys of a sordid city? The place for a nun was in her cloister; and as the Institute of the Visitation was to be made up generally of noble ladies, delicately reared, and often not in robust health, their business was to stay within their cloister, to read good books, to pray, to meditate, to embroider, perhaps, and perhaps later to teach the young. Reading the letters of Jane de Chantal, one can understand how bitterly disappointed she and Francis de Sales were by the triumph of ecclesiastical tradition and public opinion. Erasmus, in one of his "Colloquies," satirically remarks that even if a sick man with a dispensation from the Pope in his pouch, ate meat on Friday, his reputation was gone for ever. Public opinion in the sixteenth century would admit of no dispensation from tradition and custom! In Paris a nun who was seen in the street on any errand of mercy, or a man who, with the consent of the Church, ate a morsel of flesh meat in Lent, was in the position of a parson who, in a little country town, where the sentiment was all in favour of prohibition, might have been seen in the bad old days, entering a saloon!

"*Fiat voluntas tua*," said the Visitandines, the meaning of whose name had been taken away from them. Jane de Chantal had desired to unite the vocations of Martha and Mary; she found herself apparently deprived of what seemed to her to be the more practical of the two. How she adapted herself, how she suffered, how she worked, how the great heart of Francis de Sales supported and consoled her, is told in these very intimate and illuminating letters. They are part of the sources of history, the kind of sources that are too much neglected, and the neglect of which makes so many generalizations, given out smugly and complacently, so irritating. The story of the Institute of the Visitation, of Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Jane de Chantal, is a study of that love and peace which pass all understanding; it is of inestimable value to the unprejudiced mind, or to that reasonably curious mind which we call scientific.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE RACE-QUESTION.

THE publishers' jacket of "Birthright" bears the statement, evidently intended as praise, that the story is told "without any idealization of the coloured people" and that it should "appeal especially to the thoughtful Southerner." Such statements are valuable chiefly because they suggest the taboos and compulsions under which writers in

this field have generally laboured, and their absence makes Mr. Stribling's moving study of Southern life immeasurably superior to most of the American novels that have appeared on the subject. While it is undoubtedly true that "Birthright" does not idealize coloured people, neither does it idealize or sentimentalize the white Southerners or their relation to the Negro: indeed, no book could give less support to the theory that the "Southerner is the Negro's best friend" and that he, after all, "understands" him as no Northerner can. "Birthright" is perhaps the first novel to paint vividly and unsparingly the mean and squalid life of the inhabitants of a small Southern river-town and to emphasize the sterility, pretentiousness, and insincerity that have characterized the thought and expression of the South under the influence of the colour-problem.

The story deals with some episodes in the career of Peter Siner, Negro graduate of Harvard, who, returning to his native Tennessee village with plans for the education and uplift of his people, finds himself thwarted and defeated at every turn. Upon the problem of the educated Negro, Mr. Stribling, it must be admitted, throws little light. Mr. Du Bois handled that subject years ago with far greater understanding in "The Coming of John." It is difficult, too, for anyone familiar with Southern conditions to conceive of a Hooker's Bend Negro boy, the son of a Negro washerwoman, achieving a Harvard degree after four years of absence from home and then returning to his native village in such a state of Arcadian innocence in regard to the relations between the Southern whites and the Negroes. Such a boy would almost inevitably have had to go through a long and bitter struggle that would have left in his mind an indelible sense of the restrictions and cruelties of his environment. Many of Peter Siner's difficulties, however, are not matters of colour at all but are merely the inevitable obstacles that any educated member of an uneducated group would encounter in an attempt to regenerate that group. The son of poor mountain-whites, for instance, returning from a Northern college and endeavouring to bring about better sanitation and education in his community, would probably find himself confronted with much the same inertia, suspicion and jealousy. Siner's utter rout before the combined forces of white and black opposition and his own lack of purpose seem not so much the natural and inevitable consequence of the situation as of Mr. Stribling's having prejudged that situation as hopeless.

While Mr. Stribling's contribution to the problem of the educated Negro is not momentous, his picture of Southern life, on the other hand, is fresh and often singularly beautiful. He has not only an unusual sensitiveness to atmosphere and speech and the power of vividly reproducing their details, but a genuine gift of exposition. Take, for instance, his indictment of the South as Peter sees it while he is working in Captain Renfrew's library:

The old Captain's library lacked sincerity. Southern orthodoxy which persists in pouring its religious thought into the outworn moulds of special creation lacks sincerity. Scarcely a department of Southern life escapes this fundamental attitude of special pleading and disingenuousness. It explains the Southern fondness for legal subtleties. All attempts at Southern poetry, *belles lettres*, painting, novels, bear the stamp of the special plea, of authors whose exposition is careful. . . .

Peter perceived what every one must perceive, that when letters turn into a sort of glorified prospectus of a country, all value as literature ceases. The very breath of art and interpretation is an eager and sincere searching of the heart. This sincerity the South lacks. Her single talent will always be forensic, because she is a lawyer with a cause to defend. And such is the curse that arises from lynchings and vengery and extortion and dehumanizing—sterility; a dumbness of soul.

It is a pity that so sincere and perceptive a writer should drop occasionally into pseudo-scientific dogmatism and generalities about the respective potentialities of white and black blood. Such generalities are not only unprovable and unprofitable; in this instance they

¹"Birthright." T. S. Stribling. New York: The Century Co. \$1.90.

are almost ludicrously contradicted by the individual instances set forth by the author himself. Thus—

It was the white blood in his own veins [he makes Peter Siner perceive] that had sent him struggling up North, that had brought him back with this flame in his heart for his own people. It was the white blood in Cissie that kept her struggling to stand up, to speak an unbroken tongue, to gather around her the delicate charm and atmosphere of a gentlewoman. It was the Caucasian in them buried here in Nigger-town. It was the tragedy of millions of mixed bloods in the South.

While their white blood, proscribed and repudiated because of the black admixture, undoubtedly added elements of grotesqueness and irony to their tragedy, it would hardly seem, by the author's own showing, to be wholly responsible for their aspirations. Perhaps in the South, white blood needs to be diluted to have this effect, for certainly nothing of the sort appears in the white inhabitants of Hooker's Bend, who are all, with the exception of Captain Renfrew, uneducated and coarse. Again, when Peter's life is threatened by a jealous rival, it is revealed to him that his race is weak and helpless because the power of Negro women to select their mates is limited. The Negro men were "men of the jungle, creatures of tusk and claw and loin. This very act of violence against his person condemned the whole race." Yet it was the white father of her child who forced himself upon Cissie by threatening her with jail if she resisted him, and Tump Pack, the "creature of tusk and claw and loin," who died in the attempt to rescue her from jail, and left her to Peter, his rival; which only proves the futility of just such generalizations. Unfortunately, however, these are the common coin of our speech. No discussion of race-questions is complete without them, and even so honest and discerning a writer as Mr. Stribling has not been able to escape them: they are flaws in what might have been a great book and a far more important contribution than it is, to an unsolved problem. "Birthright" remains, however, a first novel of unusual distinction, power and sincerity, in a field in which these qualities have heretofore been conspicuously lacking.

MARTHA GRUENING.

THE RELIGION OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE specialist, as a rule, is so absorbed in prospecting his particular field of truth that he often fails to realize that there are other regions as rich in this precious product as the one he is working. Nor is he much concerned when this fact is pointed out to him. If he admits it at all it is with a gesture of condescension that implies a depreciation of the quality of the truth to be found in those other regions. This is the attitude of the practical statesman, the professional politician and the so-called "expert" in every department of science or philosophy. There is but little virtue in this attitude. It may make for quick results along lines of least resistance, but the product obtained is a thin thing, narrowed down to fit the end the specialist aims at, and is of limited applicability to life as a whole. His achievement is rather in the nature of a *tour de force* than a creative or fulfilling act.

In contrast with the specialist, there is the humanist. He, too, is a specialist, but with a difference; for his specialty is not, as it is with the specialist, an end in itself, it is a means for other and more embracing ends, which relate to the social and spiritual needs of the time. Realizing that all human activities are for human satisfactions, the humanist cultivates in his particular field the fruits which shall nourish and refine and deepen those satisfactions. It thus happens that what with the specialist is a matter of business, is with the humanist an enterprise in a spiritual movement or a religion. Of this order of humanists, Sir Gilbert Murray is a distinguished member, as any reader of his latest book, "Tradition and Progress,"¹ must thankfully acknowledge.

Sir Gilbert's specialty is the literature of ancient Greece and Rome. He is the *grammaticus*, the scholar, the man

of letters who is the interpreter of the words embodying the experiences of those chosen moments of vision and aspiration which the poet, the historian and the philosopher have lived and recorded. What part shall such a man play, and how shall he function to make good his place in the community? These are the questions Sir Gilbert Murray answers for himself in the first essay of this book, in which he deals with that side of the man of letters which relates to religion or *pietas*, with the scholar as the man with a spirit as well as the man with a vocation.

A man's religion Sir Gilbert Murray defines as the thing that, to a great extent, offers him a secret and permanent means of escape from the external present which imprisons him. In escaping, he is left, of course, still standing in the present, but the present is so enlarged and enfranchised that it becomes not a prison but a free world. Some find this freedom in theology, some in art, in human affection, in constant work, some in what is called the search for truth, some in carefully cultivated illusions, some in passionate faiths and undying pugnacities. But the scholar

secures his freedom by keeping hold always of the past and treasuring up the best out of the past, so that in a present that may be angry or sordid he can call back memories of calm or of high passion, so that in a present that requires resignation or courage he can call back the spirit with which brave men long ago faced the same evils. He draws out of the past high thoughts and great emotions; he also draws the strength that comes from communion or brotherhood.

To us, in these days of almost limitless production of literary work, it may seem an exaggeration of the value of "letters" thus to conceive their influence; and were the records that have survived the ravages of time of the quality of our average literary output we might be justified in such an opinion. But in remote antiquity, the process of writing or graving words was a very difficult matter, and only those rare moments of compelling experiences would move the poet or the artist to say to them: "Stay longer—thou art so beautiful." So, each of these old records of human life, these *grammata* that have come down to us through the ages, is, to use the expression of Marcus Aurelius, "a little soul carrying a corpse." It is this little soul that still lives and keeps on making for itself new bodies with the changing times, in new records. The function of the *grammaticus* or the scholar is "to turn the written signs in which old poetry or philosophy is now enshrined back into the living thought or feeling. He must so understand as to relive."

To most of us the truth we are striving for so earnestly lies near the roots of religion, and these roots are deeply embedded in the soil of the past. They are fed by the one element of life which is eternal. The other element, the one we call progress, which is so important to the present, is transitory. It is made up of our inventions and material gains. If we compare these with those of the age of Æschylus or Aristotle or St. Francis the comparison will appear absurd. "But if we compare any chosen poet of our age with Æschylus, any philosopher with Aristotle, any saintly preacher with St. Francis, the result is totally different." If again we use any of our own inventions we have no share in the achievements. The use of the telephone or the air-ship is no spiritual gain, only a practical convenience. But let us try to use such a creation as "Romeo and Juliet," and we shall find that we can use it only by reliving it, by an exercise of the soul which makes us a part of it. That is the difference between religion and progress, and the difference marks the distinction between the humanist and the specialist. It is the business of the latter to extract material gains from the present, it is the religion of the former to interpret the records of the chosen moments of the past, and in the interpretation to relive them.

This may seem to be a large undertaking, for the literature of the world is vast and life is short. But vast as it is, there is not so much in it of first-rate poetry or narrative or philosophy or even history as to make us pause in the enterprise. At the outset we should begin with the

¹ "Tradition and Progress." Gilbert Murray. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00.

Greek and Roman literatures, because all the high expressions of our Western civilization are the children of Homer and Æschylus and Plato and Virgil. "Paradise Lost," "Prometheus Unbound," "Hamlet," and even the Scandinavian Sagas have their sources in these Hellenic and Latin springs. Our civilization is a unity of descent and brotherhood, and the scholar is the guardian and flamen of the tradition which blazed the broad trail along which the spirit of man seems to be working out the great unknown purpose. But the religion of the man of letters is also the religion of democracy. The cardinal doctrine of that religion is the right of every human soul to enter, unhindered except by the limitation of its own powers and desires, into the full spiritual heritage of the race.

By means of the *grammata*, we escape from the Philistine, the vulgarian, the great sophist, the passer of base coin for true, who are all about us, into that calm world where stridency and clamour are forgotten in the ancient stillness, and that which was in its essence material and transitory has for the most part perished, while the things of the spirit still shine like stars.

It is refreshing to us who are presented with this confession of faith to know that the man confessing lives up to the principles of that faith. Every essay in this book is written in its spirit, and every question asked is answered in the language of its high message. Whether the subject be Aristophanes or Euripides, the Stoic philosophy or poetry, literature as revelation, or national ideals, each is viewed and discussed from the standpoint of the man who has experienced happiness and received hope and renewed impulse from those "watchwords of our dead leaders and forefathers loved, which are 'living still and more beautiful because of our longing.'"

TEMPLE SCOTT.

THE LAW BY WHICH WE LIVE.

IN 1908 Professor Gray delivered at Columbia University a series of lectures which were published under the title, "The Nature and Sources of the Law." The book is, in effect, a brief treatise on Jurisprudence, but it is evident that he could not so have called it. He was as conscious as Dicey had been that the term "Jurisprudence" was a word that stank in the nostrils of practising barristers. Perhaps these pragmatic gentlemen were not aware how their practice stank in the nostrils of their fellow-citizens, or they might have been less impatient of those who sought to put order into their thinking and humanity into their conduct. Yet even Gray, who had read Austin at a time when American judges were boasting of the servility with which they followed precedent, and when to impugn the Rule In Shelley's Case was blasphemy, preferred to paraphrase the "Province of Jurisprudence Determined," rather than use the malodorous expression.

A second edition¹ of Professor Gray's book is now published with revisions by his son. It does not appear that the revisor has done more than expand a few footnotes. The revised edition is as innocent as the original of any acquaintance with Géný, Fuchs, Saleilles, Duguit, Zitelmann, Stammler, Vanni, Kohler, or with the controversial storms that have swept Continental juristic science in the last twenty-five years. Indeed, except for two brief citations of Ehrlich from the translation in the Modern Legal Philosophy series, we should not discover from this book that, except for Jhering and Savigny, there had been much examination of fundamental questions anywhere during the nineteenth century. One should not go to this volume, either in the original or the revised edition, to acquaint oneself with the development of juristic thought in the last few generations.

This is not an objection to the book. Erudition has its uses; it is often ornamental, and it can be made to obviate repetitions and induce humility. But it is not a virtue in itself, and if I say that the learning, and there is learning, in Professor Gray's book was pretty well

obsolete even in 1908, I mean thereby merely to express regret that so original and unhackneyed a mind was not persuaded to examine the "Lehre vom Richtigen Recht," or the "Libre Recherche du Droit." He would probably have said something bold and incisive on the subject, and it surely would have been more profitable to hear his opinion about these topics than about the views of such a fine old Bourbon as the late James C. Carter, whom he refutes at unnecessary length.

The book has the approved arrangement: in the first part Professor Gray analyses his terms. One can feel that he is not at ease here. Indeed he does not begin to attain the precision or the thoroughness of several younger American jurists, such as Hohfeld and Kocourek. In the second part, he examines the machinery by which the law is applied; and of this part, it is not too much to say that it will remain the classic expression of the views he enunciates.

Stated briefly, his thesis is as follows: first, courts make law; and secondly, only courts make law. The former statement is pure Austin, and except for unswept corners of our national thinking, it is quite generally accepted. But the latter statement, which Professor Gray defends as a conscious paradox, gives pause to both lawyers and laymen. If it is really true, then what has become of Montesquieu's separation of powers; what of the checks and balances? Shall it be truly said that people can clamour, reform-societies resolve, legislatures enact, only to learn that no law has as yet come into being; but that when a person of humdrum character and abilities sits on a raised platform and pronounces a judgment, then, and not until then, law has gone forth? It is disconcerting, to say the least. Some of us may have long suspected it, but we are not accustomed to seeing the mainsprings of our Constitutional machinery thus rudely uncovered. Doubtless, had a less reputable lawyer done this, he would have been accused of the sin of Ham.

But it is almost sober truth. Professor Gray has the Anglo-American system in mind; but it is essentially true of any system that has a developed judicial organization. As far as the American system is concerned, examples can be selected at random. We have a body of men that passes laws. These laws are printed and available. Can they be read as other things printed in a book are read? It is scarcely safe. A statute says that certain transactions are void. May we look in the dictionary or at the usage of the best authors to find what "void" means? I am afraid not. The court will tell us, and not infrequently it tells us that "void" means "difficult to prove," which is a very different thing. Suppose a law says "and." The court prefers to say "or"; and it is "or."

Professor Gray doubtless would not have wished to press his thesis too far. We have learned from relativity that extension, if sufficiently prolonged, changes the quality as well as the quantity of a force. Not even freedom must be extended too far, nor equality, nor fraternity. It is evident that if courts were arrogant and arbitrary, and cynically flouted common sense, extra-legal ways would be found to enforce the common will, or at least the will of any group cohesive enough to create extra-legal machinery. But there is a safe margin within which a court may disregard any will but its own, and up to the outermost rim of this margin, Professor Gray's rule works very well, and we can not be sure that even the obvious sense of a statute is the true one, until a court has said that it is so.

Indeed, so plainly is the law-making power actually confined to the courts that they can be intimidated into abrogating a statute which, left to themselves, they might have been disposed to enforce. The public exhibitions of sadism which in the South-eastern States of the Union have been raised to the rank of an established cult, are of course all within statutory prohibitions. But as prosecutors will not indict or juries convict, it is not improper to say that the real law-making bodies in those regions have suspended or repealed the statutes in question. They

¹The Nature and Sources of the Law." John Chipman Gray. Second edition by Roland Gray. New York. The Macmillan Company, \$4.00

were constrained to do so, no doubt; but they did so. *Coacti voluerunt, tamen voluerunt.*

It must be remembered that Professor Gray was analysing an existing condition, not propounding an ideal system. Ought it to be changed? The assertion that courts, and only courts, make law, has always been especially provocative to the radicals or liberals of a community. Yet it is not quite certain that it can be completely otherwise. Frequently, some one must tell us what the legislature meant, because the legislature has not taken the pains to speak intelligible English; and since in all controversies, some one must have the final word, it might as well be the court as one's adversary. Further, we should be hasty if we assumed that the miracles of judicial interpretation to which I have alluded, are all high-handed amendments of statutory provisions. Often, when a court says that "no" means "yes," or that "black" includes "white," or that whole paragraphs of a law are to be disregarded, the court is quite right as a matter of simple fact, so incredibly careless is our legislative drafting.

Even when courts do more than this, when they interpret *contra legem*, it is not well for liberals to grind their teeth in rage. Instances are known in which the device has been used with what might be called a reverse twist. Liberal judges can undo the work of conservative legislatures as readily as conservative judges can undo that of liberal legislatures. The complaint is rather that judges are inclined to be conservative, but that is the not unnatural consequence of our selecting conservatives to be judges. If we changed our habits in that respect, it might well be that Professor Gray's "Nature and Sources of the Law" would be quoted with respect in the courts of the Soviet Republic of Guatemala, let us say (since this review is written in the State of California, a jurisdiction kept sweet by a stringent criminal syndicalist law).

MAX RADIN.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE publication of a new revised edition¹ of Dr. Hourwich's work on the economic aspects of European immigration is peculiarly timely because of the wave of know-nothing prejudice against the alien which has swept over America since the war. One pet fallacy after another is destroyed by the author's searching analysis. There is a popular impression that the so-called newer immigration from Southern and South-eastern Europe is morally and mentally inferior to the older immigration, represented by the Germans, the Irish and the Scandinavians. Dr. Hourwich shows that this theory rests upon nothing more tangible or conclusive than race-prejudice. Judged by any reasonable standards of comparison—literacy, industrial skill, conditions of living—the new immigrants are quite equal to their predecessors. The author is able to point out a striking confirmation, in the experiences of American labour during the war, of his belief that immigration has no adverse effect upon wages. Throughout the period of the war immigration was practically shut off and industry was running at full blast. Yet, in spite of many strikes, labour as a whole was not able to secure wage-advances which corresponded with the enormous increase in prices. This new chapter on the lessons of the war is a valuable and interesting addition to the original work.

W. H. C.

PROFESSOR BEARD and other pioneers have blazed a broad trail towards a realistic interpretation of American history. There are still some people who bristle with indignation at any unconventional allusion to "the fathers"; and Commissioner Hirschfeld's Puritan blood boils when John Hancock is referred to as a smuggler. But the essential economic roots of American political development have been pretty effectively revealed by the historical scholarship of the last generation. Professor Schlesinger undertakes to summarize and review the most important of the modern points of view in American history;² his work is consequently descriptive rather than interpretative in scope and character. One finds, however, both insight and originality in his discussion of such subjects as the Jacksonian Democracy, the influence of immigration upon America's spiritual and material development, and the shifting

¹ "Immigration and Labour." Isaac A. Hourwich. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$6.00.

² "New Viewpoints in American History." Arthur Meier Schlesinger. New York: The Macmillan Company, \$2.40.

yet permanent presence of caste in American life. The author sometimes gives the impression of scoring by Professor Veblen's method of outwardly innocent understatement. The following passage, for example, must be considered as a masterpiece either of irony or of *naïveté*: "The accumulation of surplus capital has sought opportunity for overseas investment. The attention of our diplomats inevitably turned to the backward and undeveloped regions of the globe, particularly to those portions to which European enterprise had not yet penetrated. These materialistic motives found quick response in the traditional sympathy of the American people for less favoured peoples and in the national faith in the uplifting influence of American ideals and institutions." Haiti and Santo Domingo, please bear witness!

W. H. C.

MR. LAWRENCE'S "The Rainbow" dealt with the dominance of woman, "Women in Love" with a pitiless sex-warfare, and now in "Aaron's Rod," which is announced as completing this "monumental trilogy," we have the bitter conclusion that the "love-urge" is spent, has had its day, and that it is to the "power-urge" that we must turn if we would save ourselves from stagnation. "We've exhausted our love-urge, for the moment. And yet we try to force it to continue working. So we get anarchy and murder. It's no good. We've got to accept the power-motive, accept it in deep responsibility. . . . The will-to-power, but not in Nietzsche's sense. Not intellectual power. Not mental power. Not conscious will power. Not even wisdom. But dark, living, fructifying power." These are the words of one of the characters to a somewhat perplexed hero. The book is not one of Mr. Lawrence's notable achievements. One feels that it is but a peg whereon the author may hang some of his pet ideas and re-introduce his beloved Italy, which, by the way, is never so entrancing as it was in "The Lost Girl." The author is only perfunctorily interested in his hero, Aaron, and the rest of the characters are either types, caricatures, or persons who talk amazingly. Nevertheless, even at his worst, Mr. Lawrence's writing is still full of glamour, still conveys the sense of his own wonder at the strangeness of life's adventure.

L. M. R.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

AN uncommonly large amount of biography is being read nowadays, and since interest in biography is said to be a mark of intellectual maturity, this may perhaps be regarded as a good sign. More important, however, is the evidence that a true biographical method is being re-established. In his studies of Queen Victoria and of half a dozen eminent Victorians, Mr. Lytton Strachey not only succeeded in producing true biography, but also got into the public mind a sort of measure and definition of true biography. He happened to come along at a time when the need for the rehabilitation of biography, its rescue from the research-workers, journalists, cataloguers and mechanical assemblers, was severely felt. The moment helped him, his choice of a subject to illustrate his method was striking and fortunate, and in his chosen line he has succeeded in doing for English and American letters just the kind of thing that Lessing and Herder did for German letters. He not only himself revived and practised a sound literary method, but he *popularized* it as well. There were greater men of letters in Germany than Lessing and Herder, but none who did so much all round to make the best in literature truly popular. This is the kind of critical service which I have long urged especially upon American writers as most needed at this time, and in the field of biography Mr. Strachey has performed it with great success and distinction. It is safe to say that no one will for a generation at least, undertake to write acceptable biography without taking Mr. Strachey's work into account; and this will be a great gain to literature.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY'S work, has, I think, quite well established an old contention of mine, which is that any human life, wherever found, and however much devoid of natural interest, possesses a profound potential literary interest, that one life possesses it in nearly the same degree as another, and that the task of the biographer is to discern that interest clearly and to bring it out effectively. Any life portrayed as much as may be as it is in

¹ "Aaron's Rod." D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00.

itself, and only incidentally in relation to its circumstances and achievements—the artist using, in other words, as Mr. Strachey does, these circumstances and achievements in strict subordination to his main purpose of throwing up and exhibiting the interior life of the subject—any life so portrayed, I believe, is enormously interesting. In saying this, I know that I am verging upon insubordination, because the regular literary editor of this paper, whom I am just now understudying, does not agree with this view and has already expressed himself to that effect, as my readers will remember. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, however, knows what happened to the agricultural journal when the regular editor went off on a vacation and left Mark Twain to understudy for him. In a case of this kind, the regular editor takes all the chances; so I do not see why I should not improve my opportunity to make all the mischief I can for Mr. Brooks to straighten up when he returns, and serve him right for dawdling off to vegetate in an earthly Paradise, leaving me here meanwhile to bear the burden and heat of the day.

Few human beings, there can be no manner of doubt, were ever more devoid of natural interest than Queen Victoria; few more commonplace, prosaic, dull, self-centred, inaccessible to ideas, unsuggestible, dogmatic, unintelligent. She had great virtues; so great indeed, that most of them (her thrift, industry, personal dignity, domesticity, for example) degenerated into vices. To realize the sum of her inner life, one has but to imagine Plato or Virgil, Dante or Cervantes trying to hold an hour's conversation with her or spending half a day in the hideous, the appalling dismalness of her entourage. Just this, this sum-total of the inner life, it is the function of true biography to exhibit; and in order to do it, the biographer must exercise the most rigorous and uncompromising selective power upon his materials, choosing only such as shall contribute to the elucidation of this inner life and fundamental character, which is precisely what Mr. Strachey has done. I can hardly imagine a more depressing business than reading the conventional biography of Queen Victoria. It can not borrow natural interest from its subject, for the subject is utterly bankrupt; nor can any great amount of interest be generalized out of the circumstances of her life, because such interest as attaches to them is scientific rather than literary. But when Mr. Strachey is through with his subject, she stands forth as a figure of profound and absorbing literary interest; and if Mr. Strachey can do that with the historical figure of Queen Victoria, he can do it with anyone in the wide world.

THE *method* of the true biographer is thus very closely related to the method of the portrayeur of character in fiction. Inventive genius, if there be such a thing, naturally finds no scope in biography; and the processes of intuition, observation, combination and deduction must, it is perhaps needless to say, be carried on under a wholly different set of sanctions. Nevertheless, the actual method is much the same; and its validity in both pursuits depends, it seems to me, upon the validity of the primary assumption that any human life, lived under any sort of circumstances, has immense literary interest if one but know how to bring it out. Novelists, certainly, have always gone on that assumption, and the great ones have done wonders with it. The characters in Turgenev's "Torrents of Spring," for example, have little natural interest; those who are not vicious and repulsive are weak and pusillanimous; yet they present a strong literary interest, one has a profound feeling, of one kind or another, for each of them. It is worth while to run over in one's mind a number of Dickens's characters for the sake of noting the proportion of those which fall into the same category.

OUR more modern pseudo-realists, too, are right, I maintain, in assuming that any sort of human life is worth writing about. Their realism fails when and because they

fail to understand that the potential literary interest of that life is what justifies one in writing about it. They do not bring this literary interest out and develop it; and hence the reader, perceiving no natural interest in the characters or any literary interest either, has simply no feeling of any kind towards them. I have spoken of this several times before in reference to work like that of Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Sinclair Lewis. It was quite right for Mr. Sinclair Lewis to deal with lives that are devoid of natural interest and to devote himself to showing their emptiness; this is precisely what Mr. Strachey did, and many another before him. But how much better would Mr. Sinclair Lewis have succeeded if he had recognized the literary interest of those lives—of which he had himself obviously not the faintest idea—and taken steps to bring it out! Then we would all have some correspondingly strong feeling towards his characters, whereas in default of this literary interest we have no feeling of any kind towards them and wish only that they would all go away and get drowned together. The novel "Maria Chapdelaine" is, on the other hand, a prime example of artistic method. Maria herself, alas! is quite destitute of natural interest, and the whole run of the story proves her so; she is what she is, throughout. One does not envy Eutrope Gagnon; life with Maria would be in all good conscience a terribly dull affair. Yet as she stands before one at the close of the book, what fascinating and abiding literary interest her figure presents!

I AM prompted to these reflections by a terrible tussle with a volume gotten out by the University of Chicago, dealing with the lives of certain Chicagoans, men of mark, and pioneers, largely in the world of industry and commerce. These sketches are not biography; they are not, as they should have been, the *éloge*, the kind of thing that the French know so well how to do, that Chateaubriand did for Joubert or Mirabeau for Benjamin Franklin. They are sheer records of achievement and benefaction, held loosely together by anecdote. As I struggled with them my mind went back to Mr. Bok's much belauded autobiography, which is a shining example of what is known to a certain class of trade-journalism as "how-stuff." No wonder it has run through eighteen editions!—it ought, really, to have a sub-title, "The Americanization of Edward Bok; or, How to Do It and How to Get It." Then I wondered whether Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, far away in California, were not thinking of me, with a triumphant light in his eye, and the University of Chicago's volume in his hand as bearing out his contention that good biography, as good, say, as Mr. Strachey's, could not be produced in this country, because this country could not furnish the proper material for it.

I USED to say to Mr. Brooks that if I were as sure as he is that no such biography could be written in America, I would write one. It seems to me that some of Mr. Bok's literary friends, if he has any, ought in their despair and chagrin, to undertake in a similar spirit, to do better by him than he has done by himself, and present him as a figure of literary interest. In his own volume he appears wholly without literary interest and without natural interest as well; and my faith is robust enough to believe that he misrepresents himself shockingly. Incessant experimentation is the order of the modern university; might not the University of Chicago profitably see what could be done in the way of true biography with one, or perhaps two, of the worthies who appear in their volume of summary sketches? The results would be, I believe, quite surprising; brought out by a competent person, the literary interest of these lives would be immense. All life is interesting; strike into it anywhere, at any point, as Goethe says, and it furnishes a profound literary interest. But getting at and developing and exhibiting that interest is a matter of art and method; and to acquire these, one must have good models; and one of the best of models, having every advantage of modernity, whatever that advantage may be, is at hand in the work of Mr. Strachey.

FRIENDLY curiosity caused one of the FREEMAN's admirers to ask us, "What kind of people read your paper?" The fact that the FREEMAN is without the marks that usually identify "radical" papers prompted the inquiry. It was plain that we tap other sources of subscription than do those periodicals which represent fixed ideas, theories and sure cures for social ills.

We reminded him of an announcement on this page that our supporters ranged from bishops to violinists, and we admitted that many of the FREEMAN's readers not only call themselves, but are, liberals or conservatives. The truth of this is attested by our subscription-list which includes not only readers in jail but the men who commit them to those institutions; not only assailants of our economic order but the beneficiaries of monopoly and privilege; not only believers in a social order free of trammels but politicians to whom the existing political state is a *sine qua non*.

The moment that we begin to lose our questioners, doubters and opponents our list will assume the aspect of a warning signal, a grave interrogation mark. To have only radical readers will mean to be about as effective in implanting new ideas and interpreting old ones, as if Mr. Fordney were to argue before the directors of the American Woollen Company in favour of a high tariff.

By way of illustration, we print these letters received last week. One is from Pittsburgh, the other from New York. We have no idea whether the writers are Republicans or Esperantists:

I surrender. Enclosed is consideration sufficient to cover renewal for half a year together with a copy of 'How Diplomats Make War.' For the past month I have been trying to devise an excuse for letting my subscription expire, and so I began to watch for a falling-off in the quality of your intellectual output. But I seem to have hit upon a device eminently foredoomed to failure. Indeed, I am not certain that my *Unbewusstsein* is entirely blameless in the matter, for I can not at this moment recall a positive desire or a hope for the success of my artful stratagem.

Aside from an occasional issue that I like to keep on account of some particularly appealing article, I invariably mail my copy to some one else and ask him to pass the good thing along—a habit I pursue with other liberal papers also—as I know that the greatest drawback to an enlightened public opinion in this benighted country of ours is the pernicious habit of implicitly relying upon the daily paper for accurate news, hence, until such papers as the *Freeman*, the *Nation*, the *New Republic* and the *Searchlight* are more widely read and until there arises a number of daily papers that actually reflect public opinion and not the biased attitude of mere ownership, I am afraid that it will be some time until the desultory susceptibilities of the populace will be awakened sufficiently to realize how they have been bunkoed by the lying propaganda of the so-called kept press!

THE most widely discussed book of the day is James Joyce's "Ulysses" which Mrs. Colum reviewed last week. Its fame has aroused a desire in many to read Mr. Joyce's earlier books, hence we make the following offers, which permit you to acquire one or more books by the distinguished Irishman in combination with the FREEMAN, on advantageous terms.

The titles and retail prices are :

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN (\$2.00)

DUBLINERS (*short stories*) (\$1.50)

EXILES (*a drama*) (\$1.00)

CHAMBER MUSIC (*poems*) (\$1.00)

THE FOUR BOOKS

- ☐ With the *Freeman* for a year for \$8.25.
- ☐ With the *Freeman* for six months, \$6.00.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

- ☐ With the *Freeman* for six months for \$3.75.
- ☐ With the *Freeman* for three months, \$2.50.

DUBLINERS

- ☐ With the *Freeman* for six months for \$3.50.
- ☐ With the *Freeman* for three months, \$2.25.

EXILES and CHAMBER MUSIC

- ☐ With the *Freeman* for six months for \$3.75.
- ☐ With the *Freeman* for three months, \$2.50.

Check the offer which you desire to accept, sign here

NAME

ADDRESS

and mail, with remittance to

THE FREEMAN

116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

Price of the FREEMAN: In the United States, post-paid, 52 issues, \$6.00; 26 issues, \$3.00; 10 issues, \$1.00. In Canada, 52 issues, \$6.50; 26 issues, \$3.25; 10 issues, \$1.00. In other foreign countries, 52 issues, \$7.00; 26 issues, \$3.50; 10 issues, \$1.00.

F. 7. 26. 22.